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A MEMORY.

BY W. W. LONG.

The rich spice island odors bring to me
The memory of a dead June sweet;
The music of a singing stream,
The echoes of your dainty feet.

The tiny hum of wandering bee,
Our tryst beneath the hawthorn tree;
Love's summer by a radiant sea,
When I was all the world to thee.

IN SEVERED PATHS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENHIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"MY dear lady, this relapse is a sad affair," said the Doctor, in grave tones. "Can you explain the cause of it?"

"Well, yes, Doctor. You see there was a gentleman on the top of the coach who—who——"

"Was her friend, or her lover perhaps," interpolated the doctor, who had long ago discovered that Mrs. Vicat's slow mind ever needed a little prompting.

"Yes—but not a suitable person, Mr. Vicat says; and I am bound, of course, to obey his wishes."

"Well, well—and what happened?" the doctor asked impatiently.

"Oh, nothing! The gentleman went away on the coach after he had eaten his dinner."

"He must be a strange kind of a lover! Then he scarcely stayed a minute with her?"

"He never saw her at all, Doctor. Mr. Vicat had given me orders not to let them meet."

"But I ordered you not to permit her to be troubled," resumed the doctor; "and mine were the orders you were bound to obey. I won't answer for the consequences of this renewed agitation."

Much frightened, Mrs. Vicat burst into tears.

"I'll send for Mr. Vicat; I'll write to him directly," she said.

"You had better write to the gentleman who was on the coach, and desire him to come," said the doctor. His presence will do her more good than Mr. Vicat's."

"I don't know where he lives," said Mrs. Vicat helplessly; "and, if I did, I couldn't dare write to him. Mr. Vicat would lead me such a life! Oh, dear, why didn't Estrild speak to that young man herself if she wanted to? I am sure I didn't prevent her; and it's cruel to put the blame of all this on me!"

This incoherent speech led to further explanations, and the doctor now discovered that it was Estrild herself who had allowed her lover to depart in ignorance of her presence.

"It was very good of her," resumed Mrs. Vicat, still sobbing. "It isn't often a person gives a pleasure to save me from trouble; it is a thing that never happens at home."

"And it did not happen here," thought the doctor, as, rising, he said he would go and see his patient again.

What words passed between him and Estrild, he did not repeat to Mrs. Vicat, but he posted a letter on his way home, addressed to Harold Olver.

"I wish I could send him a message instead on the lightning or the wind," said he to himself, little dreaming then of the miracles the new century held.

We, who live in these times, cannot guess how many hearts were broken, how many eyes closed in death, ere the slow-coming message, or the belated traveller could arrive to heal the sick heart or to strengthen the breaking thread of life.

"He'll get the letter to-morrow," said the doctor. "And—let me see—there's a coach starts at five in the morning the next day. Yes; he'll come by that, and he'll be here in the evening."

But the days passed, and there was no Harold, and no reply came to the doctor's letter.

"This lover must be a poor, half-hearted fellow," said that gentleman to himself. "I am glad I did not tell the girl that I had written to him. Now she must get well without him; he's not worth the grief she is wasting on him. Well, there is one comfort—Saul has got his music and his David, and so that queer patient of mine is doing me credit, although his recovery has no more to do with me and with medicine than the moon has with mad dogs."

Yes, it was true—there was music in the hotel, and music of the best order. There was a harp played divinely, and a voice blending with it, soothing and full as the murmur of the sea in summer.

Estrild often set her door a little open to listen to it, and felt the influence of its exquisite melody sink into her very heart, lulling its hot cares to rest.

Often, too, she found herself waiting and watching for the sweet sounds; and she would lie back on her sofa with a sigh of satisfaction when they fell upon her longing ear like the healing touch of an angel's wing.

She was too ill, too weak to ask who the musician was; but Mrs. Vicat was curious, and questioned the landlady, eliciting only the fact that it was a friend of the invalid gentleman who played so well.

She was glad some one had come to look after him, the landlady said, as at one time she had thought that he would die, and his corpse would be left on her hands to bury. And she did not know his name, or where he came from, or who he was from Adam—but it was all right now.

Sometimes on the staircase Mrs. Vicat met a small, thin girl, with pale face and prominent gray eyes, and hair so light that it might be called flaxen, but not golden, falling wildly about her shoulders, giving her an uncanny look; but it never struck her that this could be the musician; and yet it was so. From the touch of those small, slight fingers sprang the music that soothed vexed spirits into peace.

At length, one morning, instead of the sweet hymn which had risen to Heaven daily as a prayer for pardon and love, there was a blank silence—an emptiness in the air which made it cold and dull.

Estrild missed the music, and eagerly asked why it had ceased.

"Did you care for it?" demanded the doctor, to whom she had put the question as he came in.

"Yes; it has cured my sick fancies. A little while ago I was longing to die, as you know, but now I wish to live."

"My dear, young folk are very much in love with Death—old folk hate him. You are full of life and of all its great possibilities of happiness; and when, in old age, these shall cease you will still find something to live for—something for which Death must be fought off to the last."

"That's a melancholy picture of old age, Doctor;" and Estrild smiled at it, as the young will when age is so far from them; then, with a sigh, she added: "I might tell you there is no possibility of happiness in my life; but I will not say so. When that lovely music breathes around me, going up to Heaven in prayer or praise, I feel that joy, and hope, and peace do not only depend on gaining the earthly happiness we long for. If we lose it, there are still consolations and duties——"

Here her voice broke and her eyes filled suddenly with tears, which she dashed hastily away, as she said:

"You see I have need of David's harp at this very moment. When it ceases to sound, up rises my old spirit of discontent to tear and wound me. Set the door a little wider open, Doctor, and I shall hear it again soon."

"No, my dear, you will not hear it any more. Saul and David have both gone away."

"Gone?" exclaimed Estrild in astonishment. "But I have heard no carriage depart this morning."

"That is because they left in the night—they all preferred it. Saul is a man who hates to be gazed at; the thought of a gaping crowd fills him with horrors. I believe he would live underground if he could."

"Then he is half mad?" asked Estrild shrinkingly.

"My dear, that is a wider question than you dreamed of. He is not madder than you or I, but he has a different sort of madness from yours and mine—that's all."

"But I will not allow of any madness in myself," said Estrild.

"Ah, are you quite sure that you do not cherish any deeply-planted illusion or passion which is a root of bitterness to you? Come now—a something which threatens happiness with both hands, and yet which you will not let go?"

Estrild was silent, but a flush spread over her cheeks, brightening them with a feverish rose.

The doctor saw that he had touched the wound; but he would not probe it, for his mind was set on a distant lover, who was careless, or faithless, or both; and time, he knew, was the best and only healer for such grief.

"Now, these people have interested me very much," he said cheerily; "and I have built up one of my pet theories on them. In my opinion each individual holds another and secret self within him; and sometimes that other self is a dangerous creature who has to be held down, and sometimes it is a shrinking and timid creature who hides and vanishes into the dimmest recesses before the glance of a human eye. And this last kind does much more evil than the first."

"Yes?" Estrild said.

"Yes; it is too much like a snake, you see, which glides off at the sound of a step, but which is not the less deadly because a coward."

"Dear me, Doctor Arnold, what horrible notions you have!" broke in Mrs. Vicat, who had been industriously reading a curt and dictatorial letter from her husband. "The idea of thinking that poor gentleman and his friends to be snakes is quite dreadful."

"Wait till I say so, and I'll grant it dreadful," resumed the doctor. "There are many other kinds of qualities besides those I have named, and one among them is rare and peculiar. It is sensitive to occult influences, it hears voices we cannot hear, it sees visions invisible to coarser sense, and through these it can be acted on in a way past our small understanding. Now, Saul, as I call him, has this rare temperament which stands on the border-land, and his second, or dual self, deals at times with things past our human ken. Yet he is not mad—don't think so—but there are periods in his life when he is in sore need of a David."

"And he has just gone through such a time?" said Estrild.

"Yes. When I was called in to see him, he was completely exhausted as by some great struggle, like a man who has fought through a stormy sea for his life. At last, when he had recovered strength a little, he told me that he had been called away from his home by the voice of his only son, declaring that he was in deadly peril. And he was on his way to Southampton, where he expected to meet his son's ship, when news reached him here that she had gone down with the loss of all hands."

"Was the ship the 'Alert'?" cried Estrild.

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I have been longing to ask this question ever since I heard that his son was drowned, but somehow I have been afraid, and the words have hung back on my lips!"

"But why, my dear young lady?" asked the doctor.

"I had not courage;" and she clasped her hands tightly together. "It was on that doomed ship that my brother lost his life. He was shot. Captain Armstrong—oh, the cruel, cruel man!—sent him home to me dead."

Dotor Arnold was not sorry to hear Estrild at last mention her brother; he knew it was best for her grief to find speech and tears.

"Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break."

The secret cause for her silence, which lay in the gloomy history of her family and in the fear which was the canker now lying at the root of her happiness, he could not guess at.

"You should not blame Captain Armstrong," he said soothingly, "for an accident he could not help."

"Now will you believe it?" asked Mrs. Vicat, with unwonted warmth—"she positively hates to hear it was an accident; she likes to think that her brother was murdered."

"That would be a strange thought! A little unreasonable, is it not, and not compatible with the facts?"

"No facts have come to light that contradict it. The 'Alert' has carried her secret with her down to the depths. We only know that Captain Armstrong put to sea rather than face an inquiry—rather than give up his friend," Estrild answered bitterly, her voice touched with a slight tremble rising from the black thoughts within her.

"Then you know what Shakspeare says, 'Beat not the bones of the dead.' Let the poor men rest whom the sea devoured. You must try to think better things of Captain Armstrong than to believe him an accomplice in an evil deed. If you had seen the grief of his wife and daughter, you would feel sure that only a good man could be so loved."

And was not Tristram beloved?" cried Estrild passionately. "My grief is as great as theirs," she added jealously, "and with deeper cause."

"My dear young lady, I did not mean to wound you. I thought you would sympathize with their sorrow. I thought, too you were a little grateful to Miss Armstrong for her music."

"To Miss Armstrong?" exclaimed Estrild, as her face flushed painfully.

"Yes; she was the David who came to the succor of my Saul."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Vicat. "So those two ladies were Mrs. and Miss Armstrong. And the landlady would not tell me their names, neither would the servants."

"They had orders to be silent. The fact is, Mrs. and Miss Armstrong feared Miss Carbonelli's was not well enough to bear the mention of their names."

"So they knew mine?" said Estrild, in an accent which showed she felt it as a wrong.

"They knew yours, through me; and they asked for you continually. I never saw people so interested in a stranger as they were in you. In all your grief remember they had a full share; and Miss

Armstrong played as much for you as for Saul. She used to ask me what music you liked best, and she was careful to place her harp near her open door, that you might hear it."

Tears rose in Estrild's eyes. There was something in all this that touched her to the heart, and yet, like the bitter drug that heals, it was a hard cup to drink.

"So I am indebted to Miss Armstrong," she said, and her lip quivered, "for a pleasure——"

"Say a medicine that has soothed and healed," interposed the Doctor, "and given by a hand that refused to be known. She made me promise on no account to tell you her name until she was gone."

Estrild was silent, but tears were in her eyes again.

"What an odd girl," observed Mrs. Vicat; "and she is very odd to look at too."

"She is a dear little David," said Doctor Arnold; "a rare combination of genius, simplicity and shrewdness. She places herself in sympathy with every human being she meets. Upon my word I believe she could soothe Satan himself, and quench his burning spirit with tears of pity."

"Don't frighten me!" said Mrs. Vicat; "I hate such notions as that. I can't bear any talk about Satan—it puts me so much in mind of Mr. Vicat."

With this compliment to her husband, she went on knitting placidly. The doctor regarded her with a half smile, saying quietly—

"One feels likenesses at times which are not visible to the eye. In fact, all the world is akin. There is a shadowy passing resemblance now and then in Miss Carbonellis to Saul, and I am like a hundred people whom I jostle, stare at, and never see again."

"And what is Saul's real name?" asked Mrs. Vicat. "The man has been as mysterious and close as a mummy ever since he came here. No one seems to know who he is or where he came from. When I asked the landlady, she knew nothing; when I asked the landlord, he grew scared, and hurried off like the shadow of a wisp of straw."

"When I first attended Saul," said the doctor, "he was to ill too tell his name; and he had no letters with him—no clue by which I could discover it, and let his friends know of his condition; so I had an anxious time. At length, when the delirium of his fever had passed off, and I could question him, I elicited the fact I have told you—that he was on his way to Southampton to see his son, in obedience to an imaginary voice; and, being met here by the news of his death, he was seized with fever, and wandered he knew not whither. During this time, he declared, a strange event occurred; he met a man who put a packet of guineas in his hand, and told him to lay them on a table in his hotel. He assured me that the man led him to this inn, saw his behest fulfilled, and vanished. Now the strange part of the story is—— Miss Carbonellis, you are feeling faint?"

"No, no, not at all. Go on Doctor Arnold, I entreat you. I must hear the rest of this history."

"Not if you look so pale over it. I shall give you your bark and port-wine before I say another word."

This was done, Estrild swallowing the bitter mixture with a feverish impatience which she did her best to conceal.

"Now, Doctor Arnold," she said, "I am flourishing like a bay-tree, so don't keep my curiosity on the stretch."

"Well, I was about to say that this story, which I took for absolute delirium, proved to be true in so far as the guineas were concerned. The landlord assured me that he found the packet on the table. No one had seen it placed there; and the money was really owing for the hire of a horse which had been taken from its stall secretly by some unknown individual and nearly ridden to death. This accounts for the man's scared looks, Mrs. Vicat; for nothing can shake his belief in the whole affair being of a ghostly order, and he can't bear to be questioned on it. Saul, on the contrary, answered every interrogation I put to him; but he never wavered from the original story—only I saw that his horror of the figure or man whom he had obeyed was so great, that I thought it wise to drop the subject. Then, too, his grief for his son was dreadful; it was an agony which I verily believe would have killed him but for the arrival of his friends. It was when I thought he was dying that I at last asked him, as a duty, to give me an address to which I could send word of his state. Then it was that he named Mrs. Armstrong, and I wrote to her at once. And, in spite of her own mental distress, she responded to my letter by coming here. That was good of her, you must confess, for she was ill and weak herself through her great sorrow."

"No doubt it was good of her," said Estrild grudgingly; "but perhaps the gentleman is her brother,"

"Oh, no—only quite a distant connection, she told me."

"Well, but why don't you give us the man's name?" persisted Mrs. Vicat. "He is still as nameless as a mummy to me, and just as shrouded up, for I never once caught a glimpse of him."

"Oh, his name is as uncommon as his nature!" said the Doctor, laughing. "He is called Irien—Andrew Irien. He gave me his name when I wrote to Mrs. Armstrong. He had made up his mind then to die; and he said she would know what to do at his death, and her daughter was his heiress now his son was gone."

"Poor man, it is hard for him to have to give his wealth, if he is rich, to that queer little girl," remarked Mrs. Vicat.

"Queer little girl!" repeated Doctor Arnold. "Why, she deserves all his money, even if he is a Crœsus, for she saved his life. He rallied wonderfully from the day of her arrival. I saw the light of hope and life in his eyes the instant that I looked at him after their first interview. And then her music completed his cure. She played indeed like David before Saul."

"Well, I don't admire her as much as you do," observed Mrs. Vicat, clicking her knitting-needles together snappishly. "Estrild, you are looking like your own ghost; we have talked too much."

At the strong hint the chatty Doctor rose to leave, but Estrild, when she took his hand, detained him.

"I want to ask you," she said, hesitating, and then by an effort speaking calmly—"if—if this strange patient of yours described to you the man or ghost whom he asserted he saw who gave him the packet of money?"

"Now, that is the very question little Mary Armstrong pestered me with so often," cried the Doctor; "and I was obliged to answer her as I must you, with a negative. He gave me no description of the man beyond saying that he seemed weary and worn, like a man spent with long riding."

"That is answer enough for me," said Estrild, holding herself bravely, though her heart was beating like the tolling of a bell.

"Well, I wish I could tell you more, but the Armstrongs begged me not to mention the matter again to Saul, and I never did. He evidently had a great horror of the subject. He would not talk of his son either. And I understood from Mrs. Armstrong that this was because there had been a quarrel between them, and it was greatly his fault that the lad had gone to sea—in fact, he had run away from home, so there was remorse, you perceive, in the father's grief."

"And Saul, as you call him, has gone home now, I suppose?" observed Mrs. Vicat, whose curiosity had been greatly stirred by these fellow-guests of hers at the inn.

"I really cannot say. I rather think they are all gone to London."

"Do you know where Mr. Irien's house is?" asked Estrild.

"Let me see," said the Doctor, reflecting—"I think it is in Cumberland. Yes; and his place is called Trame."

"Oh, then he is not quite so mysterious as I imagined," remarked Mrs. Vicat, who, when away from her husband, liked to indulge herself with the sound of her own voice. "Really I believe that witch-like girl is the deeper mystery of the two."

"If a witch, then a lovely and beneficent white witch," returned the Doctor gallantly.

"Will you kindly give me Mrs. Armstrong's address in London?" said Estrild.

"Oh, certainly," he answered. And, taking one of his own cards from their case, he wrote it rapidly on the back. "I am sure they will be pleased if you call on them. Your name had an attraction for them; and they were full of gratitude towards some friend of yours who had bravely risked his life in a vain but noble attempt to rescue Captain Armstrong."

"Were they?"—and Estrild spoke drily. "I wonder how they heard of that?"

"Oh, I can't say! Well, good bye; I have stayed much too long. That comes of my foolish liking for Saul and David. When I begin talking of them, I lose all sense of time."

"Saul and David!" repeated Mrs. Vicat, with emphasis, as the door was closed on him. "A half-crazy man and a chit of a child! It's my belief his mind is full of that girl; and it's my belief too that she flirts with any creature that doesn't wear petticoats."

"Aunt, have you time to write a letter before the mail leaves?"

"Yes, my dear, if it is a short one."

"Then write to Mr. Vicat, and tell him that I am well enough to travel, and that we shall both be in London on the day after to-morrow."

CHAPTER XXIV.

HAROLD drove back to his rooms with thoughts like tempest-tossed and rolling clouds—now showing a gleam of light, now covering all things in darkness. At length, through the fierce rage and vexation of his mind, there broke the resolve to travel down to Salisbury by the first coach in the morning.

This determination somewhat calmed him, though his heart still beat hotly at the remembrance that he had been close to Estrild and had not seen her; and he still raged against himself for having quitted Salisbury in blindness, in resistance to the feeling which had so strongly urged him to stay.

"If Estrild hears that I was on the coach, what will she say? Will she think that I was aware of her presence, and yet would not see her out of sheer cowardice, because I cannot relieve her distracted mind from a single fear? No; surely, warped though all her thoughts are in that one gloomy direction, she will not do me such an injustice. And in a few hours I shall see her, and set all things right."

This was his thought, as, impatiently fumbling with his key at the door, he at length opened it, and found the passage in black darkness, and filled with the smoke of an oil-lamp which had declined to burn.

Language even of the strongest kind being useless to produce a light, Harold felt his way to the staircase, knowing that he should find one in his own room.

But he had scarcely ascended three steps ere he first stumbled, and then fell over some reclining body which appeared to be taking its ease in a profound slumber. The rough treatment, however, of being walked over roused the sleeper, so that he started up, and Harold recovered from his fall at the same moment.

"Confound the dog! Go down, Lion!" he cried, in a sharp voice.

A chuckle of laughter was the answer; and, since quadrupeds, though they sometimes cry, have never been known to laugh, Harold concluded that the intruder was a human being. Something in the laugh, too, struck upon his ear in a strangely familiar note.

"Martin," he cried, "it can't possibly be you?"

"Yes, it be, though you've most stanked the life out of me!" answered that youngster, rubbing himself down to ascertain if his limbs were safe.

"What in the world has brought you to London, Joe?"

"The 'Curlew' have. She's at a ramshackle dirty ould place nigh the Tower of London, where the lions be and the King's crown, and a few sojers trapesing up and down like as if they were a Whitsun show and all the world ought to come and gaaze at 'em."

"And Daniel—where is he, Joe?"

"Aboord the 'Curlew' in course. And he do want to see you slick right away to waunce. He set sail a-purpose all of a hurry, and we've had a fair wind all the way down. My, the 'Curlew' have flown this time!"

"Flown indeed!" said Harold. "Why, it is only five days ago I saw her safely anchored at Langarth! What does Daniel want of me, Joe?"

"This's more'n I can tell 'oe, seeing he be close as a dead conger; but I reckon 'tis news you'll be glad of."

"Has it to do with the 'Alert'?" Harold cried eagerly.

"Well, maybe it have, or some man who was aboord of her."

This answer brought a rush of hope with it, flowing with new life through his veins, revolving in his mind all the consequences that might possibly arise through his next resolve.

To meet Estrild, bringing comfort with him and the certainty of happiness, was a prospect not to be foregone for the mere sake of seeing her at Salisbury and giving her the barren news of failure—a failure which could but harden her gloomy resolution to keep her promise to her dead brother. Harold shrank from the thought, and, turning to Josiah, he seized him by the hand.

"I'm off with you in five minutes, Joe. I'll sleep on board the 'Curlew' to-night. Here—let me lead you out of this darkness. I ordered supper to be laid in my room, and I'm dead beat for want of food. You need something too, no doubt."

Josiah proved that he did by his appetite, while Harold ate as a duty, not knowing how his strength might be tried. Between them the viands were soon despatched, and both started up in eagerness to depart.

"Stay a moment," said Harold, as the thought struck him that Daniel's news might detain him longer than he expected; "I'll write a line before I go, or the old woman who looks after these chambers will raise a hue and cry after me."

Accordingly he scratched across a sheet of paper:

"I am obliged to leave unexpectedly on urgent business which may detain me for a few days."

Throwing down the pen when he had signed this, he extinguished the light, and he and Joe groped their way through the darkness into the dimness of the night.

"Does nobody live here but you?" asked Joe, as he looked up at all the closed windows.

"I believe I am the only fellow in these chambers at present, Joe; the others are all off on circuit. Now I vote for going by the river; it will be quicker and safer than walking, and there's no coach to be had so late as this."

"Why, our boat be waiting for us, to be sure!" said Joe. "I comed by the river. I should never have steered my way here by land, pooting in and out among hosses and carriages like a dog at a fair; I should have been rouled over and knacked to jouds. Why, here's your dog follering us, sir!"

"Go home, Lion!" cried Harold to the big mastiff, who now rubbed against his leg.

But his command had no effect; so, when he and Joe jumped into the boat at the Temple stairs, the dog followed and curled himself up at his master's feet.

"Poor old fellow—he is so glad to see me back that he won't part from me!" Harold said, in a tone of apology to Michael, who had charge of the boat.

Michael did not respond in his usual cheerfulness; he seemed half asleep, and inclined to be silent.

"What are 'ee so poor-tempered about?" asked Josiah, as he took up his oar.

"Simmin to me," returned Michael, "that you'd be poor-tempered too if you had bided here for two hours with langwidge 'round 'ee that the screech-owls thrawed away as not decent enough for their own throats."

"What has happened, Michael? The river-boatmen have been chaffing you, I'm afraid."

"Aw—chaff they call it, do 'em? Then I reckon 'tis the chaff that will be burned eternally—this's the sort of chaff it is."

And with this Michael thrust his oar against the pier, and pushed off the boat with a strong hand.

Another moment, and with steady strokes they were gliding swiftly down the river with the fast-ebbing tide—past slowly toiling barges, on which fires glimmered, and on whose heaped decks swarthy men and begrimed women stood like dark ghosts against the starlit sky; past tall ships, looming up in the silent blackness, whose shadows made deeper night upon their path; past the grim and slimy shores, where, amid dens of misery, crime and squalor lurked, and whence, at times, a wild cry arose, startling the stillness with a hurried fear, till it died down again into the old thrilling silence of the brooding night, whose dark wings were spread over the throbbing life, the sin, the sorrow, and the sleep of the mightiest city of the whole world.

But the night made all things beautiful, from the stateliest of ships to the smallest raft chafing in the tide against its chains; from the towering wharf and warehouse, where richest goods lay piled, to the lowest house, where rags were heaped and wretchedness hid amongst them; all were glorified by the vast starry canopy, whose light bedecked unsightliness with jewels, and hung castanets of gems on every ripple of the dark river.

"Mr. Oliver," said Michael, in a quick, sudden whisper, "just look back will 'ee, please? Ean't there a boat follering us?"

"There is a boat behind us, certainly, but I don't see why it should be following us."

"Ease a bit, Joe; we'll slacken speed and let 'em pass us."

Through this manœuver the boat on their track drew much nearer to them, but abstained from passing; on the contrary, she slowed down to a snail's pace, as if anxious to keep back in the darkness.

"Ah, I thought so!" said Michael. "You see, sir, they don't want to go ahead of us. But by that trick of mine I catched sight of their figureheads afore they could draw back, and they've got the same oogly chap

with 'em that chaffed me—as you called it, sir."

"Likely enough, Michael. There is a mixture of all sorts on the Thames—honest men and river thieves. But, if these are scamps, we can pull away from them in five minutes."

"They've got a 'wherry,' as they call it," responded Martin, "light as paper, and we are in a boat that can weather a sea. They could be in upon us in a moment, of they had a mind to; but they're up to sumthing deeper than that, I reckon."

"Perhaps so," said Harold. "There are men whose employment it is to fish for the dead in the river. There is scarcely a night without some poor wretch finding a grave here."

"There's the 'Curlew!'" cried Josiah joyfully, as the tight little ship loomed in sight after their boat had shot through the bridge.

"Well, I am glad we are through that," said Michael, looking up at the frowning archways. "My mind misgive me that them chaps meant to run us down in there. At the stairs I offered to wrestle with thic oogly waun; but he shaked his head at that like wheat in the wind."

"But what did 'a say to 'ee that was so galling?" asked Josiah.

"Say? He had the impereence to ax me from what man-o'-war I had desarted. And, when I answered sharp that I wasn't one of thic sort, he turns around with a laugh to the other white-livered fellows, and says, 'A man don't get a face like that on land—that's a seafaring face,' he says. 'You should chalk your cheeks, man, ef you don't want to be cotched. Or maybe you are looking for a crib to hide in; if so I'm your man,' and he jerks his thumb over his left shoulder, and winks with a thick eye as full of wickedness as egg is full of meat. 'I don't want none of your help, thank 'ee; I can take care of myself,' I says in answer. 'I'm as used to the land as I am to the say. And maybe the land I live in have got fresh air and sunshine in it—not fog and bastiless like this here ghastly wilderness of yeller bricks.'"

Harold listened to this talk with mind so intent on other things that it passed over his understanding and did not enter it till too late to be useful to him.

"With that," continued Michael, "he growed cogller than ever. 'Ef you won't 'ave my 'elp,' he says, 'you'll find wuss luck than you looks for, unless you 'ands me over a guinea and keeps a civil tongue in your 'ead.' 'My guineas are hard-earned,' I says to him, 'and I don't chuck 'em away to loafers whose hands never worked for an honest shilling.' 'There's easier ways than working to get money in this town; and I'll make you pay yet,' he says, looking at me like a serpent with his head screwed to waun side."

"Josiah," sang out Daniel's voice, "row around to starboard, my son; there's crafts in the way to larboard; we slewed around a bit with the tide."

In another moment or two Harold stood once more on the deck of the stout little "Curlew," and was grasping hands with her brave captain.

CHAPTER XXV.

DANIEL led the way to the small cabin, and seated himself opposite to Harold, with gravity and purpose on his resolute face.

"Now, sir, you and I don't want no roundabout talk. I know where to set my hand on the man that shot Mr. Carbonellis, and, if you like, we'll seize him this night."

"If I like, Daniel? Great heavens, I'm burning to get that man in my grasp! Where is he? Must we go ashore for constables and bring them with us?"

"This isn't constables' work; 'tis our work, sir, and no other hand can touch it but yours and mine. The man is in a place where constables won't go with their lives in their hands; such poor ould worn-out bodies as they be aunly fit to sit in a box and shake a rattle."

"But there are others, Daniel—good, honest, strong fellows not like the watchmen you have seen in the streets."

"And by the time we fetch they, where would our man be? I know where he is to-night. I don't know where he'll be to-morrow."

"Then let us start at once, or we may lose him!" Harold cried impetuously.

"Stay a minute, sir! You must have pistols, and you must change your clothes. Dressed like a gentleman, you'd never get inside the door of thic den."

"But how can I dress otherwise?" asked Harold impatiently. I have not brought a kit with me."

"You must go in sailor's toggery, sir, or there's no chance for us. Will 'ee mind changing clothes with Michael?"

"Mind? Of course not!"

So Michael was called, and the exchange of suits was soon accomplished. As he was dressed now, Harold looked every inch a sailor, and none but a very practiced eye could have discerned that he was not "to the manner born". The versatility of his Irish nature enabled him easily to assume a part.

"Here's your pocket-book and purse, sir," said Michael, handing them to him. "It won't do to leave they in these grand pockets of mine. Aw, my dears, I feel as big as a lord! Fine feathers maake fine birds, you knaw."

"Don't let 'em make pattie of 'ee. Look arter the 'Curlew'—that's your work while I'm away long with Mr. Olver; and, if we bain't back by five o'clock, you'll knaw we are both dead men."

"Don't 'ee tell up no such strams as that to me," responded Michael. "Where 'ee going to, then?"

"Into a den of divils," said Daniel—"a place I got acquainted with years ago, afore my beard and wits were growed. You'll find the name of it, sonny, writ out plain on this here scrap of paper; and, if we don't come back by the time I tell 'ee, you go to the Lord Mayor, or, better still, go to waun of the King's ships lying round here, and tell the cap'en of her where we be."

"You be sure I won't fail," said Michael, looking grave, "It will be a whisht time for me till I see 'ee both back saafe."

"Now, sir, I must have one word with you before we go," said Daniel. "Michael, get the boat ready."

On this Michael left them; and Daniel took from a case a big square bottle, from which he poured out two glasses of golden liquor.

"It isn't for Dutch courage, sir, though 'tis Dutch-made," observed Daniel, as he pushed a glass towards Harold; "but 'tis just to warm our hearts for the fray, because—I won't deceive you—we may have to fight for our lives. 'Tis like this here, sir—the man we are arter escaped from the 'Alert'——"

"I was certain of it!" exclaimed Harold, growing pale with excitement.

"Stay a bit, Mr. Olver! He escaped afore the wreck, in the confusion aboard when Mr. Carbonellis dropped dead."

"And he is the murderer? He fired the shot?"

"I believe he did," said Daniel slowly; "I ain't by no means sure. Not but what he's bad enough for murder when his blood is up; though I can't see no reason why he should shoot Mr. Carbonellis."

"Oh, Daniel, don't search for reasons! He did it—that's enough! Let us start at once."

"You are too hasty, Mr. Olver;" and he set his huge watch on the table. "I know what time to start, and it wants ten minutes of it yet. No need to hurry into the fire."

"Daniel, you know perfectly well that I'd go to the mouth of hell to seize the man who murdered my friend," said Harold, with set lips. "So there is no need for this delay."

"Yes, there is; strangers and drinkers don't clear out of that crib till about two in the morning. We can't fight a dozen, Mr. Olver, although we may tackle three or four."

"You are right, Daniel, as you always are. So the man will stay—he is a lodger there?"

Daniel said "Yes," and then quietly lighted his pipe.

"I wish you to understand the rights of it, sir," he said, after taking two or three strong whiffs. "This chap we are arter has been a scamp and a runaway ever since he was old enough to cuss and swear. His name is Trevel—which means trouble—and a trouble he has always been and his father is a small farmer—a tenant of some of the Langarth lands—and maybe a bit of a smuggler too."

"And he owed Mr. Carbonellis a grudge, I suppose?" interposed Harold, in a quick breath.

"That may be, sir—the father, I mean—but Squire Carbonellis going against smuggling was a matter that didn't touch the son, who, after running away a dozen times from every honest trade he was put to, was a sailor aboard the 'Alert' when the Squire met his death."

"Yes, yes; go on, Daniel."

"Well, when that happened, the fellow, being wild to run away again, jumped overboard and swam to the shore—desarted, in fact."

"You mean he feared Captain Armstrong would give him up, so he took his escape into his own hands," said Harold eagerly. "That exonerates Captain Armstrong, and I am glad of it."

He uttered this in giving one swift thought gladly to Mary Armstrong; but Daniel's next words made him hold his breath in amazement.

"He escaped to get money out of Cap'en Armstrong by threatening to tell all he knew; and, when news came that his ship was gone down with all aboard, he let this out in cursing his ill-luck."

With arms resting on the table, Harold leaned forward in breathless impatience to hear the rest.

"Well, sir, the first five days we were at sea the fellow kept in hiding; but, when the loss of the 'Alert' was known for sartain, he wasn't afeard to show himself, thinking naturally there wasn't nobody alive to prove he was a desarter. Then it was that, down at the Carbonellis Arms, he got drinking; and, while swearing at his bad luck, he let out that he could have made money if Cap'en Armstrong were living."

"But how—in what way?" asked Harold, with a heavy sigh of disappointment. "I was in hopes he himself was the guilty man—as you first declared."

"Don't be too hurrysome, Mr. Olver; let me go on quiet like. I heerd tell of this talk of his the very first evening after the 'Curlew' comed back, and I was vexed as fire you was gone off so quick that I couldn't let 'ee knaw nothing about it. But, thinks I, I'll go and hear this chap's talk, and then I'll see what's to be done. So I gives him a stiff glass of grog or two, and he lets his jawing-tackle spin ahead with his drink. He begins by saying he wasn't afeared of Captain Armstrong living or dead, for he knawed something that would ruin him, and, if his ship wasn't in harbor this minit, he wouldn't have him up for a desarter for fear of what he could tell. 'Well, what can 'ee tell, my son?" I says to him quite civil. 'Something 'bout the bullet that killed Squire Carbonellis,' he said. And I swear as he spoke his face got as white as the ghost-face I told of that I saw waunce. 'And who fired it?' I axed. 'Pon this he turned sulky, and said he wasn't going to tell nothing 'gainst hisself. Then of a suddin he axed if it were far away to the North of England, and how long 'twould take a man to tramp there. 'For I haven't money to pay coach-fare,' he says, 'though I shan't be without it long.' 'Well, I hope you'll get it honest,' I said to him, 'and not for something you are afeard to tell of, as you are to speak the truth about Squire Carbonellis's murder.'

'Murder!' he screeched all of a suddin, as if a hand was on his throat. 'I tell 'ee ei 'twere my pistol——' And then he dropped down in a fit, pullin' and tearin' like the naked man en the tombs."

"Daniel, why didn't you seize him then and there?" cried Harold.

"Because I did what you wanted to do just now, Mr. Olver—I went for the constable. And he was a sore man to find, and his wife wouldn't own where he was gone, till I let her know 'twould be for her own good; then she said he was gone fishing. So I knew that meant he was down on the beach arter a keg put in his way a-purpose that he mightn't see the others which were a little out of his way. Well, and by the time I had found him, and he had put his constable clothes on and got his staff, our man was gone."

"But surely he could not have gone far?" exclaimed Harold, in a tone that betrayed his bitter disappointment.

"He was a good ten mile off atop of the mail-coach, Mr. Olver, which he had met at the cross-road where it passes about eleven every night. When I found that out, I guessed he was gone to London and 'twas a lie 'bout his having no money. And the landlady at the Carbonellis Arms, who hated him like pison—for good reasons too—gave me the scrap of paper with the name of the place writ on it that he was going to. He pulled it out of his pocket with his handkercher when his fit was passing, she said, and she picked it up. When I got thic paper, I made up my mind what to do—I hoisted sail and away with just victual enough not to starve on ef we had a fair wind."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOMAN.—Every man of sense and refinement admires a woman as woman; but when she steps out of this character, a thousand things that in their appropriate sphere would be admired become disgusting and offensive. The appropriate character of a woman demands a delicacy of appearance and manners, refinement of sentiment, gentleness of speech, modesty in feeling and action, a shrinking from notoriety and public gaze, aversion from all that is coarse and rude, and an instinctive abhorrence of all that tends to indelicacy and impurity either in principle or action. these are the traits which are always admired and often sought for in a woman.

M. S.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE NAME OF JOHN.—On St. John's Festival—June 21st—Midsummer Day—bon-fires were lighted by all the old nations. In Spain they are still maintained, and, as every man whose name is John has a tar-barrel lit before his door, the towns on this night present the appearance of a general illumination, almost every house in them being privileged to sport a fire in honor of the saint.

CHINESE GREETINGS.—When a Chinaman meets another, he shakes and squeezes his own hands and covers his head. If great friends have not seen each other for a long time, after the mutual hand-shaking they will rub shoulders until they become tired. Instead of asking after each other's health they say: "Have you eaten your rice?" "Where are you going?" "What is your business when you get there?" "How old are you?" "How much did you pay for your shoes?"

BUTTER-MAKING.—One of the curious customs in Uruguay is the manufacture of butter. The dairyman pours the milk warm from the cow into an inflated pig or goat-skin, hitches it to his saddle by a long lasso, and gallops five or six miles into town with the milk-sack pounding along on the road behind him. When he reaches the city his churning is over, the butter is made, and he peddles it from door to door, dipping it out with a long wooden spoon.

BABIES IN THE SNOW.—The Laplanders are a very religious people. They go immense distances to hear their pastors; and every missionary is sure of a large and attentive audience. All the babies are left outside, buried in the snow. As soon as the family arrives at the little wooden church and the reindeer is secured, the father excavates a little bed in the snow, and the mother wraps baby snugly in skins and deposits it therein. Then the father piles the snow around it, and the parents go decorously into church.

CAUSES OF DEATH.—Heart-disease is an affection to which nine-tenths of the wild animals in confinement are subject. In elephants the most common and fatal of many diseases is rheumatism. Monkeys and baboons generally die from bronchial affections and heart-diseases; felines, such as lions, tigers, leopards, etc., from dysentery and heart-diseases; deer, antelope, etc., suffer most from dysentery and heart-diseases; while wolves, dingoes, foxes, and other canines seem to be subject to no particular disease.

NO FAILURES.—There has not been a bank failure in China for nine hundred years. The reason for this sound financiering in the Flowery Kingdom has escaped general knowledge. During the reign of the wise Emperor, Hi Fung, an edict was issued that upon the failure of a bank the heads of the president, cashier and directors should be struck off and piled up in a corner with the other assets. This edict has never been repealed, and Chinese bank stock has continued to be above both par and reproach.

WEDDING-PRESENTS IN DAKOTA.—A week since there was a fashionable wedding in Fargo, Dakota, to which the *elite* of the surrounding region were bidden. Among the presents were the following: From groom to bride—one bull-pup, one yellow dog, one pair of water-spaniels, and a meerchaum pipe with tobacco; from bride to groom—one good shot-gun, one bowie-knife, a rifle and three dogs; from parents of bride—one pair of setter-pups, a gamerooster, and a barrel of the best Dakota rye; from parents of bridegroom—one fiddle, one banjo, one spotted pup, and six pounds of tobacco; from the Shot-gun Club, of which the young couple were members—one English mastiff, and a pair of silver-mounted pistols.

HONEY ANTS.—In the market-place at Santa Fe, in Mexico, peasant women from the neighboring villages bring in for sale trayfuls of living ants, each about as big round as a large white currant, and each entirely filled with honey or grape-sugar, much appreciated by the ingenuous Mexican youth, as an excellent substitute for Everton toffee. The method of eating them would hardly command the approbation of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It is simple and primitive, but decidedly not humane. Ingenuous youth holds the ant by its head and shoulders, sucks out the honey with which the back part is absurdly distended, and throws away the empty body as a thing with which it has no further sympathy. Maturer age buys them by the quart, presses out the honey through a muslin strainer, and manufactures it into an intoxicating drink.

A VANISHED DAY.

BY AD. E. GIBSON.

Once more I tread these vales,
As in a vanished day:
But now I bear a lonely heart,
For you are far away.

The woods are just the same;
The little brook glides by,
Past vines with berries red
And leaves in autumn's dye.

The sun's rays glint thro' golden leaves
Of wind-swept walnut trees,
That make a mournful lisping
In the mild autumnal breeze.

I see no change in this fair scene,—
The change is all in you.
Oh, vanished day! dear vanished day!
When all the world seemed true.

By foot of you oak olden,
You pledged your faith to me:
A little year has changed you,
So now I set you free.

Yes, free as air I set you,
Since you have proved untrue:
The tie at last is severed,
That bound my heart to you.

Pride For Pride.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CUPID IN SCARLET," "NINE PEAS IN A POD," "PRIDE," "THE GHOST OF AN OLD LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

AND you don't hate the very idea of being married?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, no—not to you!" she replied. "You and I, you know, Alan, have always been great friends, and there will be no need for us to quarrel now."

"Yes—you always sympathized with me," he said absently. "I never knew any one else who did; and now you are going to save all I love best on earth from the hands of strangers. You are very good, Lu my dear. What a pity it is that we are not what is called in love with each other; but of course we are not, so it is of no use having any humbug about it."

"No—exactly," returned the girl evasively.

"And so I daresay we shall get along as well as most people—perhaps better than the majority. I seriously believe, Lu"—speaking with the happy air of experience which only a young man utterly ignorant of the subject can assume—"I believe that nine out of ten of the wretched marriages we hear of are caused by the loss of liberty which the one entails upon the other. The wife doesn' like her husband to run up to town for a day or two, but must kick up a row about it. He may not smoke near her, nor get a brandy-and-soda when he feels inclined, nor join a party at a salmon river in Ireland, nor one on a grouse-moor in Scotland, nor ask a man to dinner without giving notice, and a thousand other things. No wonder"—shaking his head portentously—"no wonder married people are unhappy!"

The faint, almost painful smile upon Lu-Lu's lips had deepened into a laugh; and she lay back in the big rocking-chair, looking as happy and sweet a bride as ever man won to himself.

"You don't look at the other side," she said.

"Oh, well, I don't know much about the other side!" he admitted. "I only know, of course, what men say about their wives."

"And they leave their own peccadilloes and short-comings in the shade," she cried, smiling. "So like a man. You know what a low opinion I have always had of men, Alan. Now shall I tell you how men interfere with their wives' liberty?"

"Yes—do. It will be best for us to keep clear of those rocks."

"She must not dance with any one else ——"

"Absurd! But then that is jealousy, and neither of us, you know, will have to contend with anything of that sort."

"Oh, no—I forgot!" said the girl very gravely.

"And what else?"

"She must always be well dressed—so as not to disgrace him; but she must spend very little on dress."

"Umph! I don't know anything about that, of course; but we shall not quarrel on that score. Goodness knows I am and always shall be so grateful to you for being so generous that all our lives I shall never be able to do enough for you. Look here, Lu; I shall never interfere in any way with anything you ever choose to do. We've always been awfully good friends and we will be awfully good friends still. Faith, I have reason to value your friendship, for it has borne a pretty severe test; and I don't think we shall find our lives any the less happy that we did not start with a lot of stuff and humbug, pretending we need examine one another's eyes for hours together and wandering about hand-in-hand like two silly babes in a wood. It's just this—I didn't want to marry any one, and you didn't want to marry any one; and, if it had not been for circumstances, we should have gone on till Doomsday, jolly good friends as we always have been, without either of us getting such a nonsensical idea into our heads. As it is, my circumstances and your sound common sense and generosity have brought us together, and we must just make the best we can of it. Only it seems rather a shame to sacrifice you."

"I don't mind," said Lu-Lu, suddenly growing hot again. "And it would be such a pity to let Crowsmount go. I should feel it almost as much as yourself."

"I'm sure you would. You really are a good girl, Lu, old woman. It's lucky for me that we've always been such chums, for no one but you would have held out a helping hand at the last minute. It's a shame to sacrifice you; but, after all, I suppose you must have married somebody, and, thinking as you do, it is best that you should have a husband who won't expect any love-making humbug. So it is for me. I might have made up to some girl or other six months ago; and just imagine if she had taken it into her silly head to care anything about me! I cannot conceive anything more sickening. Upon my word, I should turn wife-beater in a month. No; it's just the comfort of being perfectly certain you don't care a rap for me beyond the jolly sensible friendship we've always had that makes me feel so comfortable and easy in my mind. It is such a blessed thing to start fair, without any misunderstanding on either side."

Whereupon Lu-Lu began to laugh violently, with a half-hysterical outburst of mirth threatening to end in a torrent of tears.

Not that Alan a-Dale perceived any false ring in the peals of laughter.

He only thought her the most sensible jolly girl any man ever had the fortune to take for a wife.

Not that he wanted to take a wife of any sort; but, since circumstances had forced the undesirable encumbrance upon him, he felt that Lu-Lu Athelstane was the most fortunate choice under the sun.

"I wonder what the others will say? Where is the Squire?" he asked presently, when she had calmed down a little, and was lying back almost exhausted by the violence of her mirth.

"Gone to York with mother. They won't be back till dinner-time," she answered.

"I wonder what they will say?" he said again, half laughing. "I suppose every one will be surprised, because—why, after all, it is really absurd to think of you and me going and getting married, and to each other too! I shall take care, though, to tell every one what a jolly, plucky, unselfish, generous old thing you are!"

Lu-Lu suddenly sat upright, her eyes wide open and her pale face aflame.

"You won't tell any one that I proposed it, Alan?" she cried imploringly, "or they'll all think—that I—that I—was—er ——"

"In love with me?" he laughed. "Then I won't, of course. It would be too great a slur on your character and too mean a return for your self-sacrifice."

"Oh, it isn't so much of a self-sacrifice!" she said honestly. "But——"

"Yes, I know; you're a real good old chum to have, and we shall be as jolly as two sand-boys. And, oh, by Jove, how we shall be able to crow over those four spoony donkeys when they come back, stealing away into corners and kissing each other behind doors! I say, old girl, could you imagine anything more absurd than you and I in the spoony stage?"

Lu-Lu closed her eyes with something of a gasp.

She began to see that this task which she had taken upon herself would be harder than she had imagined.

"Enough to make you sick, isn't it?" Alan remarked, mistaking her expression—happily he invariably mistook her. "Come round to the stables, old girl, and let's forget all this matrimonial worry."

"Too cold. Go by yourself, if you don't mind," she answered. "I'm rather afraid of my throat; if I don't take care of it, you won't get married in time;" and so Alan went away, and she was left alone—left alone to think over the wonderful event which had come to pass during the last hour.

She had won the great love of her life—literally won him, for had not the offer come from her? A shamed flush crept up over her face at the thought of it.

What, if he ever found out that she had loved him all along, ever since they had been little toddling bairns together, who had plodded across the park at Crowsmount to Sarah Thompson's lodge, to be petted and spoilt and made much of, Alan for his own sake, and Lu-Lu because in her Sarah saw Alan's little wife-to-be?

That was ever so many years ago, when Alan was six or seven, and Lu-Lu three years younger; it was before either of them had taken "ideas" on the subject of marrying, or, as she reminded herself with a sad smile, before Alan had taken ideas and she had followed suit, out of sheer pride and hauteur, lest he or any one else should discover the real state of her feelings. And, oh, how she had loved him! How she did love him still!

He was her beau-ideal, her king among men the only man whose hand she cared to touch with her own, his the only eyes which seemed to look quite through her own, deep down into the very lowest depths of her heart.

For him she would willingly give her whole life's comfort—nay, her life itself. She would kneel down and kiss the ground under his feet; she had many a time treasured up a flower which he had worn and thrown away; she had at that moment carefully locked away from human eye an absurd valentine which he had sent her before his "ideas" grew; she had many a night sobbed herself to sleep with grief for his trouble at leaving Crowsmount; and, now that was all over, she was going to have him for her own.

She would be Mrs. Alan a-Dale of Crowsmount before another fortnight had passed over her head, and she would be—what?

A bride, envied by many, loving her bridegroom with a passionate adoration of which she must never let him guess the existence—Alan's dear old girl, his good friend, his jolly old chum, whom he loved with a hearty every-day love, and would love all the better that "he was perfectly certain she did not care a rap for him beyond the unsentimental friendship she had always had for him."

And what if he ever found out how she loved him? What would the effect of such a revelation prove? A great dread rose up within her that his hearty friendship would be checked, altered, changed into something very much like disgust, if not actual loathing.

At all events, she had one comfort, even if she never won any dearer love from him than she possessed now—in his heart she ranked the highest, the best of women—he liked her—nay, loved her, for had he not told her over and over again how "awfully" fond of her he was?—she would never have the torture of knowing that it was given to another.

For the present, she possessed a sincere and true friendship, lasting for the greater part of their lives, and with that she must also be very, very careful not to lose it. So long as his mind remained unchanged, she never let him guess that hers was any different from what she had always professed it.

Her part would, she knew, be hard to play; to a certain extent it would be hypocritical, and against hypocrisy in any shape or form, her proud Athelstane-Bulstrode soul rose in arms; and yet, even though hypocrisy must, for the future, be a part of her lot, she felt her love was too strong to care even for that.

Besides, she had given Alan her promise; after lifting him into a paradise, she could not find it in her heart or her conscience to cast him forth into the depths of despair again.

"Well, you foolish boy," she heard her mother's voice say in the vestibule, "you look very happy and bright, considering the state of your prospects. I never heard of any notion so Quixotic in my whole life. How you will be repenting a month hence! Oh, here is Lu-Lu! Now, my love, how is the throat?"

"Pretty well, thanks, mother," she answered. "You are back early."

"Yes, dear; it was so bitterly cold that I hurried with my shopping so as to get back by the three o'clock train. So you have had this foolish boy here? I needn't ask if you have talked him into being reasonable. I'm sure such a foolish pair ought to go well together."

"Yes, we ought," agreed Alan solemnly. "We're going to try, at all events."

"To try what!" cried Mrs. Athelstane, opening her eyes.

"Double-harness," he answered, with a short laugh and in a shame-faced way.

"You and Lu-Lu?" exclaimed Mrs. Athelstane.

Alan made her a mock-ceremonious bow, and Lu-Lu laughed a little—it was all very sweet to her, in spite of "ideas" and friendship.

"Do you mean that you two are going to be married?" asked Mrs. Athelstane incredulously, and speaking in tones of the utmost distinctness.

"Well, you see," he returned apologetically, "Lu, the dear old girl, thinks as I do, that, after all, it would be a pity to let Crowsmount go, and so she has very generously"—resolutely taking no notice of all manner of looks and signs which his fiancee was casting at him—"consented to help me to save it."

"Oh, then you haven't fallen in love with each other!" interrupted Mrs. Athelstane blankly; this business-like view of the matter was a sad come-down for her.

"My dear Mrs. Athelstane," Alan cried, laughing, "you surely know us better than that. Fallen in love! Oh, what a splendid idea! Is it not, Lu!"

"Oh, splendid!" agreed the girl rather drily.

"Fallen in love! my dear Mrs. Athelstane, what a grand joke! I'm most awfully fond of Lu, and Lu has liked me ever since we were little tots of babies together, toddling about the park. I don't believe Lu ever liked any fellow as much as me—did you, Lu?"

"Never," replied Lu candidly.

"But, as for being in love," he continued, "it is too absurd! I assure you we think a very great deal too much of each other for that. For my part, I've a great deal too much respect for Lu to place her in any such undignified and ridiculous position."

"You will find your eyes opened one of these days," said Mrs. Athelstane gravely; "and then you will talk a great deal less nonsense than you do now. Too much respect, indeed!"—at which Lu-Lu began to laugh violently once more, though her laughter did not deceive her mother for one moment.

"You had better go and hear what the Squire says," she said to Alan. "I don't know that he will at all approve of a marriage made from such motives. I tell you candidly, Alan, I do not like it. I married for love myself."

"But, dear Mrs. Athelstane, you do not surely disapprove of me," he pleaded, all at once feeling less sure of Crowsmount. "You have known me all my life, and surely you don't think I shall starve her or beat her?"

"I am very fond of you, Alan," she answered. "I always was, as you know. But remember Lu-Lu is my daughter, and I think more of her happiness than I do of your estate."

"Yes, of course," he murmured. "But you don't think I should make her unhappy?"

"Not intentionally, of course. But have you never seen a little child take a bird or a kitten in its small soft hands? It may be, as you put it, 'awfully fond' of it, and yet, through its ignorance, those small soft hands become cruel enough to crush the life out of the little creature, and not all the philosophy or grief on earth can bring that life back again. The case is thus, Alan; and, fond as I am of the little ignorant child, I am fonder of the little bird you would take in your hands. You must not think that I have not a very strong affection for you because I am anxious to prevent any possibility of your breaking Lu-Lu's heart."

"Break Lu-Lu's heart!" repeated Alan, in a startled tone. "But Lu-Lu doesn't go in for that kind of thing, any more than I do."

"Lu-Lu is a woman, Alan," answered Mrs. Athelstane gravely. "And all women have hearts to break. A man may live without love—a woman cannot."

"But I am most awfully fond of Lu-Lu," he persisted. "We have always been the greatest friends. You know that we have."

"Yes, I know," she said quietly. "And I know what love is, Alan. You do not, as yet."

He was looking into the fire as he spoke; but Lu-Lu, watching him, wondered what the wave of deepest color, which flooded his face at that moment, could possibly mean.

Could he be offended? She knew—none better—how very, very proud he was!

CHAPTER IV.

IT cannot be said that Mr. Athelstane gave his consent to the marriage very willingly—the less so that it was, from a worldly point of view, so perfectly desirable.

He did not wish, at some future time, to think and to have it thought that he had been ready to hurry his daughter into a wealthy marriage without consideration or care that she knew the state of her own heart.

"How do I know but that this year, next year, or some time, Lu-Lu may turn round upon us all and say we drove her into it?" he asked.

"But why should she?" Alan argued. "She will be in a better position as Mrs. a-Dale than she will be if she remains Miss Athelstane for life. She will have everything she wants."

"Supposing she suddenly finds out she wants love?" the elder man suggested.

"Oh, well, that will be my affair," Alan answered coolly, "and I am ready to risk that!"

"And supposing you find out the same thing!" Squire Athelstane continued.

"Pooh!" cried Alan scornfully. "I'll risk that too."

"I must hear what Lu-Lu says herself," the other said, shaking his head. "Where is she?"

"In the drawing-room."

They crossed the vestibule together and entered the room, where Lu-Lu was sitting alone. She looked up as they came in.

"Have you settled the knotty question?" she asked; she could afford to be cool about it, for her own mind was made up.

"No," answered her father, with a little laugh.

"Your father thinks you may be finding out some of these fine days, that you like some other fellow better than you do me," Alan told her. "Do you think you ever will?"

"I shall not do that," she answered steadily. "I am not a child, father."

"You don't know what love is yet," said her father portentously; "it's of no use arguing and talking about it then—as you'll find no doubt. I say neither of you understands it yet; but, mark my words, if you go on with this business, you will find it out."

At which Alan laughed immoderately, and an odd little smile played about the corners of Lu-Lu's mouth, which was rather puzzling to the not very acute Squire of Saxongore.

"I suppose you'll do as you like," the old gentleman continued. "I like you, Alan, better than any man I know. I like your position and your means; but it seems to me that neither of you is entering into marriage from a proper motive. My dear children, it's a serious thing—it is indeed. When you consider that it isn't just for a visit—an hour or two this morning, or an hour or two that evening—but for the whole of one of your two lives—why, it's absolutely appalling to contemplate with no love on either side to sweeten it."

"I beg your pardon—a very great deal of love on my side," put in Alan politely—"only none of that spoony nonsense. Real, right down, good common-sense, respect, and affection must be better than beginning by thinking one's wife an angel and ending—well, quite the reverse."

"Bless me!" cried Mr. Athelstane, in answer to this disquisition. "If you're in love with the child, why couldn't you say so honestly? You should always call a spade a spade, my boy. And, Lu-Lu, what have you to say? Are you going to find out you're in love, after all your woman's rights blue-stocking plans for dressing St. Catharine's curl's?"

"I shall not like any one else better than Alan," she returned, evading his questions altogether.

"How do you know?"

"I am quite sure"—with that same odd puzzling smile upon her lips. "It's of no use telling you that I'm dreadfully in love with Alan—if I did, you wouldn't believe me——"

"Besides, it wouldn't be true," Alan supplemented.

"But I can tell you this," she continued, disregarding the interruption—"that I would rather marry Alan for friendship than a prince of the blood royal for love!"

"That sounds very much like love itself," said the Squire simply. "For my part, I really cannot see where you young people draw the line between your friendship and your love."

"Oh, we know! Don't we, Lu?" laughed Alan.

"Yes, we know," echoed Lu, stifling a sigh.

"Well, I suppose you must please yourselves," the Squire said at last, rather reluctantly. "You will have to run up to town to get a special license, Alan, and we must have settlements talked over. If you just save the time, it will do, I daresay—if neither of you is impatient, there is no need to hurry for a day or two. Upon my word, young man, you've driven it rather fine!" he laughed. "It is a puzzle to me to know how you two non-marrying people managed to make up your minds at all. Really it was rather cool of you to propose it to a young girl of Lu-Lu's opinions."

"Oh, I didn't," Alan was beginning, when he suddenly stopped in obedience to a sharp kick from his fiancee. "What was that? The dog? Oh, your foot, Lu! I hope I didn't hurt you. Well, of course, I didn't rush into it all at once in an indecent haste. It was just this way. I was bewailing my hard lot in having to turn out of Crowsmount, and even went so far as to say I wished I'd made up to some one, and Lu, as usual, sympathized with me—she has pitied me all along—and then the idea presented itself to me"—here Lu put up a hand to hide that odd smile—"and we had it all settled in five minutes!"

"Umph! A pretty story—a pretty story! Well, pity isn't such a bad thing—akin to love, you know! Who knows what it all may come to? Little beginnings make large endings sometimes; but I don't mind telling you that it is, without exception, the queerest marriage I ever had anything to do with."

"What did you marry for, Squire?" asked Alan teasingly.

"Love," with great promptness—"real old-fashioned love—no humbug about it! Miss Bulstrode was very a pretty girl—she's a very pretty woman now. Bless me, how I did worship her, to be sure! I was Lieutenant in the Fifty-fourth Hussars then, and we were quartered in Dublin. Mrs. Athelstane was staying with an aunt whom I didn't know, and, faith, I couldn't get to know—the old cat! So I used to go every blessed day to the stables at the back of the house and bob-nob with the coachman, on the chance of seeing Miss Nell, if she came down to look at the horses. Ah, many's the time I've sat for hours on a bucket turned upside-down waiting for her, and many's the tip that changed hands between me and the old coachman."

"Then how did you do afterwards?"

"Found out where she lived—it was in Bedfordshire—and followed her, as soon as she went home. I didn't find her own people so impracticable as the old cat in Dublin, for we were married three months after. Now that was love—neither of you knows what it is to be like that!" he ended. "And, if you live as happily as I've lived with Mrs. Athelstane, you'll do very well—and I was most dreadfully in love with her!"

"You will see how jolly we shall be!" Alan laughed. "We are wiser than our fathers, we rise superior to all that weakness."

"Then Ida and Ella must have degenerated," the Squire laughed. "I never was quite so bad as they are."

"And they'll be fighting like Kilkenny cats in a couple of years!" cried Alan very scornfully. "We shall not; shall we, Lu?"

"I think not," replied Lu quietly.

"The girl's in love with him," said Mr. Athelstane presently to his wife.

"Oh, you have found it out, have you?" she answered. "I suppose she will please herself and marry him. She thinks, poor child, that neither of us has the slightest suspicion of her secret. Alan evidently has not."

"It's a strange business," said Mr. Athelstane thoughtfully—"one that I am not at all easy in my mind about."

"Lu-Lu is of age," his wife returned, "and, if she loves him, she will marry him. I should myself."

"What, marry Alan a-Dale?" cried Mr. Athelstane, aghast.

"No, you foolish man!" she laughed. "But I would have married in the same circumstances."

"Would you, though, Nellie?" he asked tenderly. "And do you think it best not to interfere?"

"I think so. Lu-Lu has a fair field and no favor—no fear of any one else. Besides that, my dear Oswyn, we can only advise her; she is of age, and her mind is evidently made up on the subject."

"But what is that about marrying in haste and repenting at leisure?" Mr. Athelstane said. "I don't want any of my children to repent."

"Nor I, indeed!" she echoed. "But I fear that we must let the child take her own course; and, after all, my dear, we have every confidence in Alan. He is a dear fellow!"

"Yes, if he ends by falling in love with Lu," her husband added. "There is no doubt whatever that he will fall in love with some one; he is not the marble-hearted creature he is so anxious to make us believe."

"No; he was not given those blue eyes for nothing," Mrs. Athelstane said dreamily. "I hope it will be all satisfactory in the end. I suppose Lu will please herself, any way."

"Lu is a woman," said the Squire, putting his hands into his pockets with an air of great wisdom, "and there is an old proverb, you know, my dear, which says—

"'If she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't.'"

* * * * * *

The eve of the wedding had come—the wedding which was to be a contract without love—a bargain in which love had no place.

The two eldest girls, Ida and Ella, had returned that they might act as bridesmaids.

Alarie had got seven days' leave; Arthur Gore and Gwyne Gervase had followed in their fiancees' train; and, besides them, were several stray members of the Athelstane and Bulstrode families, so that, by the eve of the eventful day, the house-party at Saxongore was a tolerably large one.

"It seems too absurd for us to be all gathered together for Lu's marriage!" cried Ida, as they were all enjoying their cup of tea before going to dress.

"I think you might say for mine also," put in Alan triumphantly.

"Yes, indeed," Ida answered, with a gay laugh. "Now I wish you would tell us, just for the sake of information, why you don't care a little more about each other."

"I wish, just for the sake of information," replied Alan teasingly, "that you would tell us why you care such a lot for Gore."

"For Arthur?"

The suggestion was sufficient excuse for her to slip her hand into Arthur's and turn her lovely blue eyes rapturously to his not particularly handsome countenance.

Alan a-Dale laughed outright, with a nudge to his fiancee.

"Out of your line—eh, Lu?" he remarked.

"Very much indeed!" returned Lu emphatically.

She had quite got over her hysterical state of weakness, and was now fifty times more cynical and satirical on the subject of the tender passion than she had ever been before.

Pride had done a good deal for her, for it had completely deceived her father and mother, who told each other they must have been mistaken, and that she had only been troubled about the loss of Crowsmount to Alan; and, better than that, she kept her secret from Alan entirely.

And so she aired her "ideas," and laughed at the two couples of love-birds, utterly ridiculing the suggestion that Alan and herself might entertain a feeling for each other approaching the very demonstrative affection they had the hourly opportunity of copying; in truth, her quick tongue rapped out a few more sharp things than Alan liked.

He did not know—how should he?—that the touch of his hand sent all the blood in her body dancing back to the citadel of the heart.

He had never seen her catch up a glove which he had thrown carelessly down and kiss it, as if his touch had made it sacred. He had never noted the tender, soft dark eyes follow every look and gesture with ineffable love shining in their brown depths.

Oh, no! He only saw them bright with scorn—and, had he seen them otherwise, he would only have been disgusted.

He was not in love with Lu—very far from it, and he did not wish her to be in love with him; and yet he did not quite like so much scorn and satire—it almost sounded as if she disliked him; and he did not like the idea of Lu's dislike at all—Lu and he had ever been, as he put it, "good chums."

"Very much indeed," she laughed. "I couldn't imagine anything so absurd, my dear. I did try yesterday to get up a bit of sentiment—just for the look of the thing, you know"—by way of explanation to the assembled group—"and I laid my hand on Alan's hair—he has nice curly hair, has he not?"—exactly as she might speak of a horse or a dog; whereat three or four of the party burst into laughter, and Alan looked a little foolish. "Well, I laid my hand on it, and felt—oh, quite ecstatic! I really began seriously to think of suggesting that we should try in good earnest; but, when I took my hand away—ah, just as if I'd dipped it into a mixture of lime-juice and glycerine, macassar oil and cantharides lotion—my little spark of sentiment died a natural death—no, I mean a violent, a very violent death; and I shall keep at a respectful distance from Alan's shiny curls for the future."

Whereupon Alan smoothed his sunny curls with such a rueful countenance that every one laughed again; and Lu-Lu, lying lazily back in her favorite rocking-chair, swung herself to and fro, with a saucy smile on her tempting scarlet lips.

"Don't look so glum, my friend," she said, in a loud tone, "or every one will think you are in love with your bride-elect!"

"The gods forbid!" ejaculated Alan, rather too fervently to be very real.

"Well, you do not either of you look much like bride and bridegroom!" remarked Mary Bulstrode laughingly. "For my part, I can hardly believe that it is true."

"We don't look silly enough"—came from the depths of the rocking-chair.

"Pray do we look silly?" demanded Ella, sitting all at once very stiff and upright.

"Supremely so!" her sister laughed.

"Well, never mind; we are not ashamed of our love, if you are!" Ella cried indignantly.

Something went wrong with the tangled tousle of dusky hair which hid Lu-Lu's forehead, and she set it straight before she replied—

"Methinks the lady doth protest too much," she said coolly.

"Oh, well, that cuts two ways!" Ella retorted. "And we may believe just as much as we choose of the protestations you and Alan have been putting forth for our delectation. It is my opinion that you are both over head and ears in love with one another—only it sounds grand and uncommon to say that you are not. I can't see the cleverness of it myself."

"I give you my word of honor," Alan began; when she interrupted him.

"Don't tell anything about your word of honor—seeing is believing; and yesterday I saw you kissing——"

"Not me," asserted Lu-Lu quickly. "I positively and decidedly deny the imputation."

"It is extremely rude to interrupt people," said Ella severely. "You should have heard what I was going to say, that you might speak with certainty. I saw Alan kissing a photograph, and, if it wasn't yours, whose was it?"

"It couldn't be mine," Lu-Lu cried.

"I wasn't kissing it," put in Alan boldly.

"Then what were you doing?" Ella asked. "It was in a case—a morocco case."

"Breathing on it, of course, to make the glass bright. It was Jack Harley's portrait," he answered.

"Oh, it was Jack Harley's portrait, was it?" she asked. "And pray does Jack Harley get photographed in a pink frock?"

"Fancy dress."

"You're as slippery as an eel," she remarked.

"I never was taken in a pink dress," Lu-Lu cried.

"I know that, though I never thought of it at the time. I only caught a glimpse from my window; and Alan was on the walk below."

"I tell you it was Jack Harley's," Alan asserted.

"If you think I don't know the difference between kissing and breathing, you make a mistake," Ella said, with much scorn.

"You've certainly had considerable experience in one employment," Alan retorted.

"Oh, don't argue the point any further!" cried Lu-Lu. "It isn't worth it. If Alan likes to kiss Jack Harley's photograph, or any one else's, why shouldn't he? I'm quite sure it's a harmless amusement enough!"

"Jack Harley's" laughed Ella, with evident disbelief. "If you put your hand into his breast-pocket, you will find it and prove for yourself."

"Not I," answered the girl carelessly; but, all the same, she noticed that Alan's hand flew to guard the pocket as the words left Ella's lips. "We have had enough of Alan—you haven't proved your case very clearly. Now let us hear what you have to say about me."

"This morning I heard Alan ask you to go to the stables with him, and you did not care about it."

"I was afraid of the cold," Lu-Lu said coolly. 'Surely you could not extract any sentiment out of that?"

"Oh, no! But, when Alan had gone, I saw you walk across the hall to that very table, and take up a——"

Her sentence remained incomplete, for Lu-Lu sprang from her chair and made a rush at her sister.

"If you say one other word," she laughed, yet with a touch of earnestness in her tones, "I shall utterly annihilate you—so take care! Come, come, you lazy people, it is time to dress. What is the good of discussing Alan and me any longer? We are very well satisfied with one another, so why trouble your heads about us?"

"True," said Mary Bulstrode, rising.

"But I proved my case," cried Ella, dodging behind a chair.

"Ella," said Alan, when she was for a moment left alone with him, "what did Lu do?"

"I will not tell you."

"Do! I'll kiss you, if you don't."

"Gwyne will break your neck if you do; it's an amusement he is fond of. Stay—I will tell you. She shook her fist at you!"

"Nothing more likely!" laughed Alan, releasing her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CABS IN BERLIN.—A Berlin paper tells a good story about the origin, or at least the development, of the guild of cabbies in that city. In the time of King Frederick II. cabs and hackney-coaches were rarities in the Prussian capital, and were used only as a luxury by the rich. Prince Henry was anxious to increase the number of them, and, in order to help the carriage-building industry, he instituted a free ball at his palace to which any citizen would be admitted provided that he drove up to the door in a carriage.

Twelve barber-apprentices were eager to share in the princely entertainment; but the few wheeled vehicles which could be hired had of course prodigiously increased their charges, and the entire funds of the young men sufficed to pay for the hire of only one carriage. They set their wits to work and hired a droschky which had been busy for hours driving parties to Prince Henry's free ball. Four of the young barbers got into the cab, and were driven at a snail's pace to the palace; the other eight walked behind it.

When the carriages drew up before the great gate, under the dim oil-lamplight of those days, both the doors of the vehicle were opened. The four insiders stepped out at one door, and the eight outsiders stepped in at the other. By this trick each in turn passed from the cab up the steps. The deception answered splendidly; the porters made no remarks, although, if they were men of observation, they must have been astonished at the inexhaustible amount of space within the cab, which had accommodated twelve "insides" at once.

MAKING A NEEDLE.

It is a common saying that it takes several men to make a pin, but it is not such a widely-known fact that it takes several men and women to make one needle.

The work begins in a small room on the ground floor, where a few boys stand by their machines to chop off short lengths of wire, which is brought in rolls from the iron foundry.

These lengths—about five inches long, enough for two needles—are tied together in little faggots by the thousand, and sent to be tempered in a furnace; after which they are brought to the pointing-wheel.

This machine consists of a revolving grindstone, with a small narrow shelf above it on to which the needles are poured, with their ends projecting over the stone.

The shelf revolves in a contrary direction to the wheel, and (under pleasure) the ends are ground away to points, casting off showers of tiny sparks, like a torrent of pale salmon-colored fire; but quite cool, for for you may hold your hand in it without any discomfort.

The wheels are cased round by a box with a sliding lid, if one may so describe it, in order to prevent the stone flying off to harm or to waste, and a cunningly-applied current of air draws them off from below.

When both ends of the needle are pointed they are passed on to the drilling-room.

This is a large room upstairs, with windows down one side, and a long row of machines in the centre, each of which is worked by one man standing. The machines stand side by side as close as possible.

The object of making two needles at once now appears, for they are placed under a heavy punching-machine, which punches two holes close together in the centre of the wire, and fines off the metal between till it breaks with a touch of the hand.

This is done, and the two needles are separated. The punching-machine sometimes leaves a thin film of metal or an irregularity in the hole which would be fatal to any thread, and every single needle is again drilled by a woman, who sits before a revolving drill, on which she spikes the eye of the needle.

This requires very skilful work, for any extra or crooked pressure might burst the eye. To finish the eye of the best needles a girl sits at another table, to which a strong cotton thread is tied. She holds the one end firmly in her hand after threading a needle on to it, and passes the needle briskly up and down, burnishing the eye quite smooth and bright.

The burnishing of the needle itself is a more elaborate process: it is hard work, and done by men sitting before machines.

After the burnishing it is necessary to ascertain that all the points are faultless, and this, requiring great lightness of hand and quickness of sight, is again intrusted to a woman. It is quite as trying to the eyes as the drilling. The needles are bound up in bundles of 400 or 500, of equal length, by a girl who hands them on the table point upwards. She can see by the way the light falls on them whether each point is blunt or sharp. If a blunt point shows itself, she threads the eye of an extra needle on to the point and draws out the bad needle.

It is easy to ascertain that needles are all of equal length, but harder to see that all are of equal size, and the process of sorting is one of the most wonderful sights in the factory. It is not done by hand or by sight, but by a revolving machine which sometimes resembles the wheel of a water-mill.

The needles are poured in at the top, and each blade catches a needle in its own prepared groove and slips it into a tray at one side, allowing the other needles to slide by until they find the blade with the groove which fits them.

It is impossible to describe the numberless machines, one more intricate than another, which save so much weary labor in sizing and sorting, placing and setting the needles before they are packed in their papers.

There is one machine which by a turn of its wheels pierces a strip of white stuff, draws through it the twenty-four needles to fill one packet, and fixes them instantly in their right position—a process which it would have cost the girl who sits before it, directing the machine, forty-eight movements of the hand to accomplish.

The needles are sorted according to size, according to number, and packed. The general public is accustomed to one kind and a few common sizes of sewing needle. Number ten is considered a very fine needle, and eleven is a size rarely seen in use. But sixteen is the size of the finest needle made; and the limit is fixed by demand, not from any impossibility to produce a finer. For a needle has been made, pointed, pierced, and drilled out of a hair off a spectator's head.

EVEN SONG.

BY J. HUIE.

Through glowing curtains of the west
The sun sinks in the sea;
The gloaming dims the mountain's breast,
And deepens on the lea;
Slow hushing breezes sing of rest
In sweet, low songs to me.

The heavens are bright with stars that rise
And fleck the stainless blue,
Unmeasured miles of radiant skies
Their lights roll into view;
Kind angels look with watchful eyes
Their sweet, kind looks on me.

STORM-TOST.

F. F. HUGHES.

CHAPTER II.

IN the smoking-room of an old-fashioned hotel in the quiet town of Pisa, a noisy group was assembled. Randolph Perceval formed one of the company, but seemed in no way likely to add to the general merriment.

He sat in one corner of the room, a moody expression on his face. Eight months had passed since he parted with Mrs. Croft that stormy day on the Welsh cliffs, and the gusts of wind blowing so fiercely this night reminded him vividly of the scene which was very seldom absent from his mind.

For six months he had sought unceasingly for some trace of the young widow, but with no success.

She had vanished as completely as if the sea had reached her on that August evening, and buried her secret for ever in its moaning depths.

It was a terrible time for Perceval, and at the end of it his health gave way. A trip abroad was the peremptory mandate of the medical man, and reluctantly Perceval arranged to accompany a near friend to Rome.

But even the sight of the treasures in that home of art had failed to revive in the heart of the young artist his wonted enthusiasm.

All powers of work seemed to have vanished, and being possessed of a moderate income of his own, the young man had not even necessity to urge him on. He was ever haunted by the shadow of a great fear. If only he could be assured that Adrienne Croft lived, he could almost bear to think that he should never see her again.

The dread that he had added to her misery, and unintentionally caused her flight from the quiet corner where for years she had taken refuge, added to the intensity of his misery.

He had certainly not been a lively traveling companion, but his friend Walter Marks realized that he was in some trouble, and never reminded him by word or look of his shortcomings.

This night, at Pisa, Mr. Marks had tried several times to rouse his friend's interest in the conversation, but always unsuccessfully.

The talk around waxed louder and merrier. Several of the company contributed tales, and upon the appearance of the host himself, he was prevailed upon to add to the list of narrators.

His story, told in French, was only partially understood by most of his hearers, but his dramatic gestures helped to illustrate his narration, which dealt largely in ghostly warnings and tragic fulfilments.

The landlord was long-winded, and at the end of his tale a general move was made. It was then that the man sitting next to Perceval, and seemingly loth to have the party broken up, remarked—

"Can't you tell us something thrilling about this faded affair? Its appearance is most funereal, and might suggest untold woe, but the party itself has a most jovial appearance, as far as one can now distinguish."

The picture referred to was a faded photograph bound with black ribbon, the mount being marked with a thick irregular border of ink. The landlord shook his head very gravely.

"Ah, Monsieur, there was then joy enough, but sorrow over-abundant has taken its place long since."

"How?" questioned the first speaker.

"It is a sad tale, Monsieur. You see, in that picture they are taken at a picnic, all happy and bright. She was like a bit of sunshine, and everyone who came near her seemed to feel it. She gave us that photograph herself, to remind us of her, she said, until she came again. Poor little one. Poor little one."

"Which is she?" he asked. "There are at least ten 'shes' here."

"The one all in white, Monsieur. She was on her wedding trip, and that is her husband beside her, that tall dark gentleman. Ay, but he was no favorite. However she came to marry him was the wonder of all. But she seemed to charm even him. She was an orphan, she told us. We all loved her, and when years after we heard the dreadful news from an English gentleman staying here, my daughter Reine put on that ribbon and edge with many tears 'for the living,' she said even then, not for the dead."

"But what was the news?" inquired Marks.

"You must know surely, Monsieur," returned the landlord, in a surprised tone, and quite forgetting that he had neither mentioned names nor facts. "They took her up for killing her husband, poisoning him. The English gentleman told us all about it. He was a barrister and heard the trial."

"What became of her?" struck in one of the company. "Was she found guilty?"

"No," he answered, with a perplexed look. "No, not precisely, but that is the part I do not quite understand. It is different here, but in parts of England (so the English gentleman told us), sometimes it is neither 'yes' nor 'no.' I cannot explain it better. The gentleman said that everyone thought the young lady guilty, but they did not say either way in Court."

"What was her name?" inquired a middle-aged lawyer present.

"Mrs. Ferguson."

"Ferguson, Ferguson!" as if the name reminded him of something not quite distinct. "Ah yes, of course, I remember now. The trial took place in Scotland, and the verdict came in "Not proven." Let's have a look at that," and so saying he held out his hand for the picture, and having carefully adjusted his pincenez, peered at the group with professional interest. "A deuced good-looking woman, anyway," he remarked. "Odd thing it seems that it is always those fine women who come in for tragedies."

The photograph was passed round, and freely commented on. In time it came to Perceval's corner.

He looked at it with some faint interest. Suddenly his whole aspect changed. A deadly pallor spread over his face, and the hand holding the photograph trembled violently.

He turned aside, under the pretence of lighting his pipe, and with a great effort regained a certain amount of self-control. The shock had been terrible, almost overpowering, for in the face of the unhappy woman of whom they had been talking, Randolph Perceval recognized beyond all doubt the features of the woman known to him as Adrienne Croft.

This then was the terrible mystery enveloping the sad young life. No wonder that she had called it hopeless; that it had well-nigh crushed her with its terrible burden.

But it was not hopeless. Oh no! Not for a moment did Perceval mistrust the woman he loved.

In the midst of his gloom and wretchedness, a strong hope was suddenly kindled, even at this moment of blinding revelation. Even if she were dead there still remained work for him to do.

He had her name to clear to those who had been foolish enough to believe her guilty. That night Perceval startled his friend by the sudden announcement that he meant to start for England the following day.

"A queer fellow you are, to be sure," Mr. Marks remarked, accepting this change of plan philosophically as was his wont. "For weeks you are indolent to a degree; then suddenly you acquire a terrible amount of superfluous energy, and away you go. Well, change of air must certainly have done you good."

But Mr. Marks was wrong for once in spite of all his philosophy, for change of air had nothing whatever to do with the alteration in his friend. That had been effected wholly by a draught of that best of tonics—hope!

* * * * * *

"Can you possibly run down here for a few days? I particularly wish to consult you upon a matter of grave importance, and my health is so bad at present, that my medical man positively forbids my undertaking a journey to London."

So ran part of a letter from Mr. Wood to Randolph Perceval. Several weeks had elapsed since the return of the latter to England, and the hope which had been kindled had almost died out.

His quest had been altogether fruitless. He had stayed for days at the town of Telso, and had made minute inquiries respecting all the details of the murder at Oaklands.

He had obtained access to the house and grounds, never inhabited since the fatal event, but nowhere could he light on a single clue.

The famed detective whom he took down with him shook his head over the case. All those he questioned were of one mind.

"The Squire was mad as well as wicked, there was no doubt of that. His brother had died in a lunatic asylum, and the wife, ah! poor young thing, she must have been driven mad too before she could have done that deed. But she had done it, oh yes! nobody doubted that, but everyone was glad that the verdict was what it was. She disappeared suddenly after the trial, no one knew where. Not even her favorite maid, who would gladly have followed her to the world's end, and took on dreadfully when she found her mistress was gone. She went away herself directly after. Yes, Mr. Ferguson had left a lot of money to his wife, folks said, but she could not be found, so the money was with the lawyers. The general opinion was that she was dead."

The case seemed hopeless, and Perceval almost despaired. He was in this state when his uncle's letter reached him. He shrank from the idea of another visit to Pendine.

Still he had nothing particular to do, and the summons seemed urgent. He made up his mind to go, and traveled to Wales that very night by the night express, reaching the quiet vicarage in time for the eight o'clock breakfast.

The Vicar was delighted with this speedy answer to his request, and directly the meal was over took his nephew into his study.

"The subject upon which I wish to speak to you, Randolph, is a very serious one," the old man began, "and you may be able to help me. It has to do with the lady whom we knew as Mrs. Croft, but whose real name, it appears, was Mrs. Ferguson. I think I had better give you this at once; it will explain everything," and so saying, Mr. Wood handed a roll of paper to Randolph.

With eagerness the latter unrolled the paper, and read as follows:

"My name is Rachel Clarke. I was Mrs. Ferguson's maid from the time of her marriage. During master's last illness I took turns with my mistress in nursing him. On the evening of November 22, I had a bad headache, and my mistress sent me to bed, saying she would sit up, though she had sat up all the night before too. But that was always my mistress's way. She thought of everyone before herself. God forgive me for the way I returned her kindness! I said I would take her place at four, and lay down on the bed in the next room without undressing. Soon the sound of master's angry voice completely awoke me. He was dreadfully violent sometimes, and we servants would get out of his way quickly enough, but mistress never moved. Often I have seen him dash a glass, or anything that came first, at her. We used to think some special angel must be taking care of our mistress, though not even an angel could keep her heart from breaking, as we could see it was doing, day by day. Well, that night I heard him cursing and swearing at her in an awful way. I could hear her soft voice trying to soothe him, but he got more and more violent, and at last I heard her cry out, "Oh, Richard, Richard, how can you say such cruel, wicked things! I cannot bear them," and then came a sob and I heard the door opened, and I knew mistress had rushed out almost wild with misery. Sometimes, if she left him for a few minutes, he got better. I got up then and listened. I was frightened that night. I felt sure master was mad. Soon I heard him calling me, and I went in. He cursed mistress to me over and over again, then roared out, "I must have a sleeping draught to-night; get me the chloral." I knew he took sleeping draughts sometimes, and I searched for the bottle. "It is in your mistress's room," master shouted, "on the top shelf of the cupboard, above the mantelpiece." I found the key in the cupboard—I suppose mistress had left it there after giving him his medicine—and the bottle where he said, and hurried in with it. "Is this the right one, sir?" I asked him, and I was in such a fluster, what with his shouting and cursing, that I almost dropped the bottle. "Look what is written on it," he growled. "I can't read, sir," I answered. "Can't you tell your letters, you fool?" he shouted, and I spelt out slowly, CHLO. "That's it, of course," he interrupted, "now pour it out quickly, and don't crawl like a snail." I poured out the measure in a great hurry, then he drank it up, and bade me begone. I had only just got back to bed, when I heard mistress go into the next room. Then I fell asleep and only woke at half-past four, half an hour past the time I ought to have relieved my mistress. I went in quickly, and mistress held up her finger. "Hush," she whispered, "he is sleeping so peacefully." I went up to the bed, and I knew at once that master was dead. Then all of a sudden, I don't know why, but I felt there had been a mistake in the bottles. I was nearly wild with fright. I could only think of one thing, and that was that I should be taken up for murder. When everyone was busy I stole away the empty bottle from the corner where I had put it, and threw it into the shrubbery. I never dreamt of anyone else being suspected. When my mistress was accused, I was more wretched than ever. I nearly spoke out then, but the demon tempted me, saying that of course she must be proven innocent. I was terribly frightened, and hushed my conscience by saying to myself that when the trial was over I would give my life up to waiting on mistress. Then came the trial and verdict, which I thought at the time meant "Not guilty." I thought my mistress fainted because it had all been too much for her. Then she disappeared and I could hear nothing of her, and someone explained to me what it all meant, and how mistress was free but with the stamp of Cain for ever on her. I cried out, "I did it," and fell down in a fainting fit. When I was coming to, I heard someone say, "Poor thing, she is mad with trouble. She loved her mistress dearly." And I almost shrieked aloud. But I kept it back, for I thought, I will find her, and will tell her the truth myself, for maybe she would never see the newspapers, and then I will come back and give myself up. Ever since I have been looking for my mistress. At last I traced her here, but only to reach the place, sick and dying, and to find that my mistress, for I am sure it was she, left here nigh upon a year ago. And my strength is gone, and I can go no further. I know my punishment is just, and the thought of my great sin and of the sorrow of my dear mistress seems more than I can bear. I beg and pray you, sir, as a clergyman, to listen to a dying woman, and as you hope for justice yourself, to see this terrible wrong made right. I cannot even pray for the forgiveness of my dear mistress, I have wronged her too deeply. God be merciful to me a sinner.

"RACHEL CLARKE."

Perceval raised his head, and Mr. Wood rose and approached him.

"I wrote that down at the dictation of Rachel Clarke, and in the presence of our nearest magistrate, five days ago," he said. "The woman died that night."

Perceval bowed his head, he could scarcely trust himself to speak.

"You will help me to fulfil this solemn obligation, Randolph?"

Then Perceval found voice. He looked up steadily into the grave face before him.

"She is the one woman in the world to me," he said simply.

Mr. Wood gave a great start, then stretched out his hand with an impulsive gesture of sympathy. The two men clasped hands in silence. Then Mr. Wood spoke:

"You must think of the best measures to be taken."

"I will write at once to Scotland Yard," the young man answered. "Of course the whole thing must be made public, whether the falsely accused be alive or not, there is still her name to be thought of. Meantime may I make an exact copy of this declaration to keep always with me?"

"Certainly."

Late in the afternoon of that July day, Randolph Perceval walked rapidly along the cliffs skirting the valley of Morfa Bychan.

An irresistible longing to see once more the spot where he had parted with the woman he loved, had come over him. The day had been sultry, but now a soft breeze had arisen, and was ruffling the water below.

Perceval was pondering over the best manner in which his investigations could be carried out. He would himself get back to London the following day.

Meanwhile the scene was fraught with bitter, sorrowful memories. He passed on, along the winding path cut among the bracken, and every little detail of nature seemed to fasten itself on his memory. A frightened rabbit scudded across his way; two white butterflies flitted past; a wolfted donkey peered over a boulder of rock, to see who the intruder was, while the ceaseless moaning of the sea served as an under-tone to the birds and chirp of the busy insects.

The sunshine and pervading peace seemed to mock Perceval's misery. A wave of passionate doubt swept over him.

Surely there could be no God at all in this world, beautiful to look at but full of misery and wrong.

Then, as he strode on, round a sharp turning, to the spot where the bitter parting had taken place, there before him, amid the feathery fern, not a ghost, but in actual flesh and blood, sat the woman whom he had described that morning as "the woman in the world to him."

His heart seemed to stop, then went bounding on wildly. She looked round listlessly at the sound of footsteps, then started to her feet with a sudden cry.

He did not speak, but stood motionless gazing hungrily at the beautiful face which had engraved itself so indelibly upon his memory. The woman found her voice at last.

"You here!" she cried, a ring of anguish in her tone. "I thought this would be the last place of any to which you would be likely to come."

Still Perceval said nothing, but from his heart, the heart that had so lately doubted, one refrain was going up: "Thank God! Thank God!"

Adrienne turned away, and at that movement Perceval reached her side. He drew a paper from his pocket."

"Read that, Adrienne Ferguson," he said quickly.

At the sound of her name the girl turned very pale, and a look of great horror came into her eyes. But he held her firmly, and pushed her gently into a sitting posture.

"Read that," he said again, with something like a sob in his voice, and at the authoritative words she obeyed almost mechanically.

Perceval moved to a little distance and sat down. There was a long silence. He could hear his heart beating loudly, and knew by the slight rustling of paper that his companion was reading.

But he dared not look at her, and she gave no sign. As the moments were on, the suspense became unbearable. Had the shock been too much for her, worn out by years of hopeless misery? Had she fainted? Was she dead? There were no bounds to which the man's heated imagination would not carry him.

But the last thought was insupportable; with an ungovernable impulse he turned and looked at her.

She was standing now, looking out over the great expanse of sea, which had once looked drear and hopeless, but now seemed full of joy and peace as it rippled softly up the golden sand, in tiny murmuring wavelets. Randolph rose too, and presently she turned to him slowly.

"Free!" she said, and in her tone, exultant as it was, there rang a note of deep solemnity.

"Nay, not so," he answered quickly, "but bound for ever by the strong bonds of undying love."

And for answer she held out her hands like a tired child, and said two words, "At last." Then merciful tears came to the relief of her overburdened heart, and she burdened heart, and she burst into a storm of happy weeping.

And there in the summer sunshine, amid the fragrant ferns, and close to the surging sea, that had once seemed to carry to both a terrible message of sorrow and parting, the burden of the troubled past slipped away for ever, as together they stood in the dawn of a new life, in the break of a new day.

[THE END.]

Not for the Money.

BY MARGARET CRESSWELL.

A WET day in November, with the wind driving the rain in stormy gusts against the well-closed windows. The streets streaming with water, and the pavements glistening in the lamp light.

Belated people struggling with umbrellas, from which the rain poured off in streams on the shoulders they were meant to protect.

A steady deluge, very useful for cleansing the smoke-polluted atmosphere, and washing the gutters and sewers, but otherwise very destructive of boots, clothes, and temper.

In the drawing-room of a small house—one of a very long terrace in a northern suburb—sat a girl by the fire-light. The room, a long narrow one, with folding doors, was shabbily and poorly furnished.

The furniture and cheap ornaments, however, had been carefully dusted and brushed.

Evidently their owners had endeavored to make the best of their threadbare appearance.

The girl lay almost at full length on a low chair placed straight across the hearthrug, seemingly for the purpose of getting the greater amount of benefit from the poor fire burning in the grate.

She was tall, slight, and fair, and certainly good-looking. And a wealth of chestnut hair crowned the top of an exceedingly well-shaped head.

The eyes, large and well opened, looked dreamily into the fire. The nose was nondescript, the complexion pale and clear. Her mouth somewhat large, but well-shaped was spoiled by a discontented, and rather sarcastic, droop at the corners.

She was dressed in a plain well-fitting black dress, very white and shiny at the elbows and cuffs, and showing much evidence of hard wear at the pocket-hole.

In her right hand, which hung carelessly at her side almost touching the fender, was a letter, the writing of which, round and lawyer-like, might almost have been read by the faintly flickering fire-light.

Her left hand, also, held a letter, closely written over all four pages, with which she impatiently tapped her lips.

After a few minutes the girl stretched her shapely slender arms over her head, with the letters still held tightly in her white hands, and gave a short, quick sigh.

At that moment the door opened, and a lady entered. Shutting the door softly, she stepped with a gliding motion to the girl in the chair, and stood looking down at her. The relationship was evident.

The mother was the image of the daughter, grown older, petrified, as it were, into a distinctly unpleasant-looking middle age. The chestnut hair had faded, without becoming gray; her eyes, large and well opened, like her daughter's, had a stony stare in them; and her mouth the same discontented and sarcastic droop, ten times intensified. Not a pleasant old lady to look upon by any means.

The girl had not removed her eyes from the fire on her mother's entrance. She remained in precisely the same position, apparently oblivious of the fact that Mrs. Grenoble's stony gaze was fixed upon her face.

At last the mother broke the silence.

"I hope, Paula, you have read the letter carefully, and have come at last to a sensible conclusion on the matter."

"Which letter, and what conclusion?" asked the girl, with a sarcastic inflexion of her low clear voice.

"Don't be foolish, Paula," said her mother testily. "You know perfectly well what I mean. You have a chance that not one girl in ten thousand has—the chance of a rich, fortunate life, without worries, without cares, without——"

"Love," murmured the girl softly.

"Love!" said her mother, scornfully. "What is love without money? or what is love worth in comparison to money? Love is a mere word without substance, without reality, without meaning. And you have the opportunity of lifelong enjoyment of a princely fortune—$200,000, that will be yours as long as you remain single. And you hesitate?"

"Naturally," said Paula, a gleam of mischief lighting up the weariness of her pale face. "Most girls object to the prospect of being an old maid."

"Listen to reason, Paula. You are very young, only just turned twenty. Your whole life up to the present moment has been spent in weary, hopeless poverty. Not the poverty of the very poor, who often want daily bread—but who, the bread once gained, have no appearances to keep up. Ours is the poverty of the well-born, the well-bred—the daily striving to keep our shabby clothes presentable, our shabby house and furniture from getting even more worn and threadbare. Think what you might do with that money. The dresses you could have to wear, the jewels you might buy; think how you would have the chance of traveling in foreign countries, of seeing places and things you can only sigh and long for now in vain. And then think of your life, married to Charles Etheridge on his paltry one thousand a year, with no prospect of its ever much increasing."

When her mother spoke of the fortune, Paula's eyes gleamed with a strange light, and her mouth lost its sarcastic droop, and quivered with excitement.

At the mention of Charles Etheridge's name she slightly brushed her lips with the letter she held in her left hand.

"Well?" said her mother interrogatively.

"Ah," said Paula lazily changing the position in the chair, so as to face her mother, "you were saying something to me just now. It seemed rather long. I can't quite remember it all. Ah, yes; about the fortune, and Uncle Dick's insane will. By the way, I suppose he wasn't mad when he made it, was he? It couldn't be disputed or anything of that kind, could it? What a pity: $200,000 is worth having."

"Yes," said Mrs. Grenoble, "and if you have a grain of sense in your composition, you'll keep it, and send Charles Etheridge about his business. You will be able to ride in your carriage and——"

"Dress like a princess," said Paula languidly. "Yes, there is something tangible about ready money, after all. Oh! to have something else to wear but this rag of a dress! Let me think. I would have a tailor-made costume. One tailor-made costume. No, I'd have half a dozen, one for every day in the week, and a tight-fitting jacket trimmed with sable, and a plush mantle for the theatre, and, and—oh, if it could only be!" and the girl's eyes sparkled and a covetous longing look came over the fair face.

Her mother with a few more words of caustic persuasion left the room. She thought she knew her daughter's character better than the girl herself.

She knew that the life of pinching poverty had brought out all the worst traits in Paula's disposition, and she hoped to make capital of them for her own special benefit.

If Paula accepted the conditions of her uncle's will and lived single, she would naturally live at home, and Mrs. Grenoble would naturally become partaker of all the good things that Paula with her money would be able to procure.

In the meantime Paula was lying back in the chair musing. Presently she lifted the letter with the closely written four pages, and went once more over the well-known lines.

As she read, her eyes darkened and softened with a tender light, and the droop at the corner of her mouth became less marked.

At the end she laid it in her lap, and, without changing her position, read the other letter.

The reading took the lovelight out of her eyes and brought back a covetous gleam which shone like bright steel through her thick lashes.

Then she spoke to herself in a low tone.

"Which is it to be? Love or money? And I must decide to-morrow. Charlie and his $1000 a year—and—the $200,000. Do I love Charlie? Well, yes, I suppose I do. What is love? If it were broken off, and I were engaged again six months hence, should not I suppose that that one was my first and only love, and this but a dream? At least, I should say so if I did not think so; and it comes to the same thing. $1000 a year for life! We shall probably live to be seventy at least, Charlie and I. Rather monotonous, that. And then, if we have children. Boots and dresses, gloves and shoes, all wearing out at once, big appetites, rent, taxes, coal bills, all the old wearisome bothers I have been through since my childhood; and all to be done out of $1000 a year. No, I have had enough of it. I will take the fortune. It takes a shorter time to mend a broken heart nowadays than it used to do. And—I think I'll go to bed."

The next morning, when Paula came down rather late to breakfast, she found her mother busily reading a very long and closely written letter whilst uttering grunts of strong disapproval.

"What is the matter?" asked Paula, sitting listlessly down at the table, and lazily buttering her toast.

"Why, I have just had a letter from Miss Price and her companion asking me to take her in for a few days. She wants to do some shopping, or make some calls, or something of the kind, and our house is convenient, so she says. I should have thought, too far from town. But then she has her own carriage, or hires one, and we shall not see much of her, that is one great comfort. I wonder she does not go to her own relations. She has plenty of them."

"Possibly she is afraid," said Paula languidly. "She is so alarmingly rich, she might think it too much of a temptation to her dear relations to stay with them."

"Paula, you are ridiculous, and you have such strange notions for so young a girl. It is really very impolitic to talk in the way you do. However, I'm too busy to scold now——"

"For small mercies let us be grateful," murmured Paula.

"Miss Price may be here at any moment, and I must see about her room," and Mrs. Grenoble bustled out of the room.

Half an hour afterwards there was a meek little rap at the street door. In a few minutes Miss Price and her companion were ushered into the room.

Miss Price was a little thin old lady of over sixty years old. She wore her light hair, which was streaked with grey, in tiny little curls on each side of her cheeks.

Her face was little and shrunken, her figure pinched and small, her hands and feet small.

But the worst thing about her was the utterly careworn and miserable expression of her face.

A listless wretchedness had, as it were, eaten itself into her withered countenance, and was shown in every gesture of her knotted, veined hands and bony neck.

"And yet she has four thousand a year," said Paula to herself.

Miss Price appeared in mortal dread of her companion, and yet totally unable to do without her.

Mrs. Mount tyrannized over her in the most shamefaced manner, and poor Miss Price submitted meekly in the listless, hopeless way her face betrayed.

"Will there ever be a time when a companion will be necessary to my well-being?" thought Paula.

In the afternoon, the weather being stormy and unsettled, Miss Price decided upon staying at home. Whilst Mrs. Mount was unpacking and arranging things upstairs, the old lady thought she would "look over her accounts."

This could well be done without any of the heart-burnings and misgivings usually attendant upon such business.

As Miss Price's income was something over four thousand a year, and as her yearly expenditure amounted to some six or seven hundred, she had no fears about having overdrawn her banker's account. Looking over her books meant to the poor old lady a futile attempt to find out how much money she really had, and how it was placed.

This generally ended in her giving up the attempt in despair. Paula sat and listened in silent wonderment to her feeble wailings about those debentures and those mortgages, and what the interest would be, and when it was due, and what she was to do with it when she had it, and she supposed she must consult her lawyers, and then that would cost her a lot of money, and she was sure the end of it would be that she would be ruined and end her days in the workhouse.

"And she has four thousand a year!" quoth Paula.

The next morning was fine, and Miss Price elected to do her shopping. A carriage was ordered, for Miss Price was not strong, and the rattle and noise of omnibuses did not agree with her.

But she grumbled at the expense, and feared she was ruining herself. Paula and Mrs. Mount accompanied her. And what a time they had of it! Miss Price wanted dresses, but nothing suited her. The cheap ones were too common, and the better ones too expensive.

Her unhappy face was bent over the goods, comparing them, finding fault now with the color, now with the texture, but generally with the price. Finally she chose an expensive silk and some brown cashmere, and her face looked more miserable still after she had paid the bill. And then to the milliners, and the same scene enacted over again.

Paula watched, as in a dream, the pretty tasteful bonnets changed, as if by magic, into dowdy commonplace constructions as soon as they surrounded Miss Price's discontented old face. It seemed to occur to Miss Price also that it did not much matter which she chose, for she kept her face turned resolutely from the mirrors, and deferred, at last, to Mrs. Mount's judgment.

Paula was thoughtful that evening, and very silent. Mrs. Grenoble told her it was time, full time, to send an answer to the letters. Paula said she would write them to-morrow before breakfast. Her mother said, of course there was no doubt as to her choice.

Paula answered gravely that the advent of Miss Price had left no doubt in her mind as to which course she would pursue. Her mother looked at her doubtfully as she made this last remark, lighting her bedroom candle meanwhile, but Paula gave a prodigious yawn, which entirely destroyed any expression her face might have possessed at the time, and vanished from the room.

When Paula reached her bedroom she placed her candle on the toilet table, and, sitting down with her elbows on the table and her cheeks resting in her two hands, calmly surveyed her reflection in the glass. But as she looked, Paula, as though a mist, seemed to see the chestnut hair grown scanty and streaked with gray, the face thin and lined, the mouth with its, alas! already too discontented droop, intensified and hardened by years of loneliness and unhappiness. Of what use would fine clothes be then with a face like that? To live alone, uncared for, unloved, would soon sour the young face, and then—she would grow like Miss Price!

"No," said Paula resolutely, "no—I cannot do it. Not for a fortune, can I consent to run the risk of growing like Miss Price. I daresay when I am as old as she is, I shall be fat, and have a red face, but then Charlie will be old too, and probably fat also, so we shan't be able to reproach each other. We shall be horribly poor, 'beastly poor,' as Bella Wilfer used to say; but for all that, I would rather be with Charlie than with mamma all my life. And then the fine clothes—what good are they after one has grown old and ugly? I wish—I wish I could choose Charlie and the $200,000 too. I don't suppose that anybody with more money than Charlie would ask me to marry him. It wouldn't do to run the risk of waiting. No. It is my fate to be Mrs. Etheridge; and—well, it's a better fate than to be Miss Price."

The next morning Paula went down to breakfast with a demure countenance. She and her mother were alone. Mrs. Grenoble looked at her daughter inquisitively, but Paula subsided languidly into a chair and asked for a cup of coffee.

At last Mrs. Grenoble's patience gave way.

"Have you written those letters, Paula?"

"What letters?"

"You know as well as I do. The letters to Mr. Etheridge and the lawyer."

"I have written to Mr. Etheridge telling him I would marry him when he pleases," returned Paula, calmly.

"What!" said Mrs Grenoble in a fury.

"Well, that was what was to be expected, wasn't it? We have been engaged two years, and a wedding is generally expected after that length of time, and Charlie wants me to fix the day, and so I've fixed it, and there's an end of the matter."

Scientific and Useful.

COLOR OF MORTAR.—The color of the mortar used with different colors of bricks is sadly neglected. The effect of pointing red brick-work with white mortar is bad. Furnace ashes and lime will produce a dark mortar, while a red tone may be obtained by mixing with lime pounded red brick or red tile. Cheap mineral colors will produce any desired color for pointing.

PARCHMENT BEARINGS.—Experiments are being made on Prussian railways with axle boxes fitted with bearings of vegetable parchment in place of brass. The parchment is strongly compressed before being used, and it is thoroughly dried, to prevent subsequent shrinkage. Wooden rings are placed on the outside of the bearings, fitting the collars of the journal. An emulsion of water and oil and all the mineral oils are used as lubricants. The parchment soon becomes impregnated with oil and is able to go a long time without renewal of lubrication.

MUD AND JEWELS.—Where the untrained eye will see nothing but mire and dirt, science will often reveal exquisite possibilities. The mud we tread under our feet in the street is a grimy mixture of clay and sand, soot and water. Separate the sand, however—let the atoms arrange themselves in peace according to their nature—and you have the opal. Separate the clay and it becomes a white earth, fit for the finest porcelain; or, if it still further purifies itself, you have a sapphire. Take the soot, and if properly treated it will give you a diamond. While, lastly, the water, purified and distilled, will become a dewdrop, or crystallize into a lovely star. Or, again, you may see in a shallow pool either the mud lying at the bottom or the image of the sky above.

RUST IN IRON.—It frequently causes much trouble—indeed, in some cases defies all efforts—to free iron from ingrained rust; but, according to a German paper, the thorough cleansing of it may be easily effected by immersing the article in a nearly saturated solution of chloride of tin, even if much eaten into. The duration of the immersion will depend entirely upon the thicker or thinner film of rust; in most cases, however, twelve or twenty-four hours will suffice. The solution of chloride of tin must not contain too great an excess of acid, otherwise it will attack the iron itself. After the articles have been taken from the bath, they should first be washed in water, and then with ammonia, and be dried as quickly as possible. Articles that are treated in this manner assume the appearance of dead silver.

Farm and Garden.

SAW-DUST.—In filling walls with saw-dust, whether for silos, ice-houses, or root-bins, the saw-dust should be dry and well packed down, or it will shrink and settle and leave empty spaces.

THE HORSE.—Do not forget to blanket the horse when it is in the stable, as well as when it is in the shafts waiting for you at the store or post office. It will save feed to do so, besides adding to the good appearance of the coat of the horse, and keeping it in good health.

OLD PUTTY.—Old putty in window-sashes can be softened so as to be easily taken out, as follows: Take one part pearl ash, three parts quick-lime; slake the lime, add the pearl-ash, and bring the whole to the consistence of paint. Apply it to the sash, and let it remain for twelve hours, when the putty will be softened.

EGGS.—If the end of a fresh egg be applied to the tongue, it feels cold; that of a stale egg feels warm. This is due to the white of the fresh egg being in contact with the shell, and abstracting the heat from the tongue more rapidly than does the air-bubble in the stale one. Fresh eggs are most transparent in the centre, stale ones at the end.

THE SHEEP.—When the wool buyer comes round the farmer wishes he had looked after his sheep a little more closely: cut down the bar and brier bushes and removed the tags in the spring. A dirty fleece weighs more but the buyer is keen-sighted, and is sure to deduct from the price paid for good, clean wool more than enough to make up for the extra weight. Bear this lesson in mind, and keep the wool clean next year.

BURNT BONES.—Pulverized burnt bones contain all the phosphate of lime originally in them, and are valuable for plant growth, to what extent will depend upon the kinds of plants the material is used on, and the condition of the soil. If used in excess of the real requirements of the plants it would probably not be injurious to them. For house plants its real value could be established only by trial.

DESTROYING WEEDS.—All weeds should be kept in check. It can be done and will make the work much lighter than it will be if they are allowed to go to seed once or twice during the season. It is very much easier to destroy young weeds than those that are well established and deeply rooted. Not only does the gardener injure his own land by allowing weeds to go to seed, but the wind is very sure to carry a good supply to his neighbor.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 10, 1887.

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Publication Office, 728 Sansom St.

Now is the Time to Raise Clubs for the Coming Year.

Marked Reduction in Club Rates.

We would direct the attention of our friends and readers to the *marked reduction in our club rates* as given above, and respectfully ask those who are in the habit of getting up clubs for THE POST to enter the field soon as possible and try to increase their lists.

We are hoping to get a great many good sized clubs for the coming year, and trust every one of our subscribers and readers will make an effort to send one. We make it easy for you to do so, for we have *reduced the club rates* to such a figure as to place THE POST within the reach of all, and it will require but a little effort on the part of any one to secure enough subscribers at the very low rates we offer to make a club.

Just think of it, 10 copies of THE POST *one year, with an extra copy for getter up of club, making 11 copies for $10.*

You can, dear reader, without much trouble, get ten persons to take THE POST at one dollar per year and thereby secure a copy free for yourself.

If you cannot obtain a club of ten, we hope you will try and get a few subscribers and secure the rates which are offered for a less number.

THE POST is much lower in price than any other first-class family paper in the country, and we think it only needs to be laid before the community to be subscribed for at once by thousands to whom it may still be a stranger, save, perhaps, by reputation. Of course we must depend in a great degree upon our present subscribers, friends and readers to show THE POST to their acquaintances and neighbors, and to speak a good word in our behalf. Their return for such efforts must be the pleasure they give to others, the consciousness of assisting in the good work of circulating THE POST, and enabling us to make it better, more useful and entertaining than ever before. Will they try and do it for us? Let each of our present friends and subscribers try to get a few new subscribers at least.

Sample copies for the purpose will be sent to those who wish them.

On Carelessness.

Man has so natural a tendency to religion that few would be irreligious without the intervention of circumstances produced by pride and wickedness, and operating against the natural sentiments of the human mind.

The prevalence of vice at an early age conduces greatly to the diffusion of infidelity; for when a young man has lost his innocence, and the satisfaction of a quiet conscience, he is much disposed to listen to any doctrine which pretends to make him easy, and at the same time allows him to be vicious. He admits doubts and scruples in this case which he would otherwise reject on intuition.

But it seems to be acknowledged that young men in the present age are admitted into the world, or introduced into life, as it is called, much earlier than at any former period. Imagining themselves men before they have reached maturity of judgment, they fall into vices which they think give them a manly appearance. The next step is to justify themselves if possible, and this is attempted by renouncing or doubting the truth of Christianity.

In thus deluding themselves they will never be at a loss for aid, as books, persons and influences abound well calculated to diffuse infidelity, by presenting it under the veil of wit, fashion, learning and elegance.

Writers and speakers possessed of ingenuity and taste, but, unfortunately, destitute of sound wisdom and of goodness of heart, have, in modern times, remarkably abounded; and as, from the agreeable dress in which their sophistry appears, they amuse and entertain, it is no wonder that they have gained a numerous train of readers, admirers and votaries. Their writings are particularly addressed to the rising generation; and what, therefore, can be expected, in process of time, but a deluge of infidelity?

Add to this that a religious education among young men of fortune and fashion is become uncommon. There prevails an idea that to teach young men the principles of religion according to the ideas of their grandfathers, is to confine them unfairly in the trammels of superstition, to render their minds narrow and contracted, and to preclude an attention to things at that age far more in character and far more useful.

We have seen many parents anxious on the subject of their children's education. They would spare no expense for the acquisition of languages, dancing, music and every attainment which can render their sons or daughters agreeable in company and skilful in a profession. They wished to see them all-accomplished, but they have displayed no remarkable solicitude on their attainment of religious ideas, and have even hinted an opinion that religion might be postponed to a maturer period.

They have not indeed objected to a few formalities, such as a regular and decent attendance at a church; but they have not seriously and anxiously labored the point like persons sincerely desirous that it might be pursued with ardor and success.

But the example of indifference in religion, exhibited by a parent, must always militate strongly against all that is taught in a school or by a private preceptor.

Whoever is acquainted with the manners of our ancestors will acknowledge that more regard was formerly paid to the religious instruction of children than in the present times. Example, parental example, did more than the best instruction alone can ever effect.

From all these causes it happens that infidelity, or an indifference scarcely less culpable and pernicious, increases more and more; and the inference which the clergy and all sincere Christians must draw is, that there is a necessity for peculiar exertion to stem the torrent.

But who is able to succeed in so vast an enterprise? The consolation is, that each acquits his own conscience, by exerting himself to the best of his power, and that the blessing of God frequently gives success to causes apparently inadequate.

NOT what comes to a man in the way of outward advantages, but what issues from him in the way of effort and influence, is the chief source of his welfare and usefulness. He may never see the results of his efforts—he may never know how much he has added to the sum of human happiness; but, if he is patiently and steadily treading in his appointed path, and putting forth his best efforts, no matter how small he may think them, great and abiding results must follow, and his influence for good will never be lost.

THE only things in which we can be said to have any property are our actions. Our thoughts may be bad, yet produce no poison; they may be good, yet produce no fruit. Our riches may be taken away by misfortune, our reputation by malice, our spirits by calamity, our health by disease, our friends by death. But our actions must follow us beyond the grave; with respect to them alone, we cannot say that we shall carry nothing with us when we die, neither that we shall go naked out of the world.

IN the intercourse of social life, it is by little acts of watchful kindness recurring daily and hourly, (and opportunities of doing kindnesses if sought for are forever starting up,) it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks, that affection is won and preserved. He who neglects these trifles, yet boasts that, whenever a great sacrifice is called for, he shall be ready to make it, will rarely be loved. The likelihood is, he will not make it; and if he does, it will be much rather for his own sake than for his neighbor's.

Do not forget that anxiety is easier to bear than sorrow; that talent is sometimes hid in napkins, audacity never; that mistakes are often bought at a big price and sold at a small one; that if it were not for emergencies but little progress would be made in the world; that it is often better to go a good way round than to take a short cut; that tears shed upon a coffin will not blot out the stains cast in life upon the stilled heart within it.

WE urge the duties of Christianity upon the consciences of men; but duties are constraints till they are changed into charms by love. The very word duty is a harsh one, until the heart grasps it, and then the lowliest service and the boldest endeavor are cheerfully accepted and welcomed. To win men to the performance of Christian duties it is necessary to win them to the love of Him who requires them, and to the love of those for whose benefit they are required.

To have learned to think, whether in the schools or out of them, is to have attained the most valuable of all requirements. Hard and stubborn facts in letters, science, or mechanics, however desirable in themselves, cannot be of the best practical value to their possessor until he has learned to think, and so is able to adjust his information to the constantly varying conditions and necessities of his occupation.

THERE is something even better than success within the reach of each of us, and that is the consciousness of having manfully striven, in spite of untoward circumstances, faithfully and cheerfully to do our duty in that state of life in which a merciful Providence has cast our lot. This involves patience and endurance, courage and forbearance, and affords numberless opportunities for the exercise of true heroism.

You have a part to do in life. Are you doing it? These elements which form your body have been brought together for a purpose. You hold them in trust. Are you making good use of them? Are you putting this borrowed capital to a better use than a dog or a horse would put it to? You are a human being, with a human soul and a human opportunity. Are you doing your part?

THE cheapest of all things is kindness, its exercise requiring the least possible trouble and self-sacrifice. "Win hearts," said Burleigh to Queen Elizabeth, "and you have all men's hearts and purses."

THE only way to make the mass of mankind see the beauty of justice, is by showing them in pretty plain terms the consequence of injustice.

WE cannot be guilty of greater uncharitableness than to interpret afflictions as punishments and judgments. It aggravates the evil.

The World's Happenings.

Deadham, Mass., has twins 90 years of age.

Coal has been selling at Los Angeles, Cal., for $16 a ton.

Chinese doctors are among the latest innovations in Texas.

Never pick a blister with a pin. A needle is the only suitable thing.

A Texas jury in a murder trial reached a verdict by drawing straws.

A recent patent granted at Washington was for an improved handcuff.

Counterfeit postal notes are giving trouble to postoffice attaches in Southern Ohio.

Potatoes weighing 8 pounds apiece are spoken of in Washington Territory papers.

A copper coin in his pocket turned aside a bullet fired at a California lad by a highwayman.

A change in the wind saved Empire, O., from total destruction by a prairie fire one day recently.

A curiosity in Durham, N. C., is a hen with a horn-like growth protruding from each side of its head.

In the primary schools of Stockton, Cal., the boys in the two lower classes are obliged to learn needlework.

Apples are so plenty in Norwich, Conn., that a barrel filled with them is worth no more than an empty one.

In Cambridge, England, butter is sold by the yard, a pound of butter being rolled out into a stick a yard long and sold in sections.

The pupils of the High School at Norfolk, Neb., conduct a legislative assembly to help them in their study of civil government.

There is a young man in Hartford who has had the broken bone of one of his legs mended with a silver rivet, and will soon be out on crutches.

The bicycle has penetrated Persia. It is said six of the machines are now in use at Tehvran—two by Persian nobles, the others by telegraph men.

A rat hunt organized by the farmers of Herking township, Fairfield county, O., resulted in the count of 25,000 rat tails, and a big banquet followed.

A richly cut solid glass bedstead was recently made at a Birmingham, England, factory for a Calcutta millionaire. The King of Burmah also has one.

A horse that was being driven along a road in Parkesburg, Pa., suddenly halted at the noise of a heavy quarry blast, then fell to the ground and expired.

A Lewiston, Me., blacksmith makes iron and steel finger rings which, he says, are a sure cure for rheumatism. He gets 50 cents apiece for them and warrants them to cure.

An Ohio chicken thief has plied his trade successfully by using fishing lines baited with corn kernels with which to tempt the too confiding fowl. The inventor is now in the clutches of the Cincinnati police.

Guests are distinguished from waiters in Paris now by silk dress coats, which are said to be supplanting the broadcloth garment rapidly, the material being not of shiny fabric, but of heavy corded silk.

A horse dropped dead on Wabash avenue in Chicago recently, and the carcass was allowed to remain for three days. The circumstance was taken advantage of by bill posters, and the dead animal's body was soon covered with advertising placards.

William Donmoyer, of Bath, Northampton county, Pa., who is working in a tannery at Allentown, discovered recently that a fellow-laborer was a brother, whom he doesn't remember ever having seen. They were separated when they were infants.

Two prisoners in the jail at Lockport, N. Y., carried on a conversation through the bars, which drifted on to matrimonial affairs, and next morning, on being released, they were married. She had been arrested for vagrancy and he for drunkenness.

A man lost two $50 bills in a Boston banking-house recently. A few days ago the cashier of the house received the bills in a letter, in which the writer said that he meant to keep them, but his conscience troubled him so much that he had to return them.

Tramp life would seem to be undergoing a radical change. In the East, lately, several of the fraternity feasted on dog meat, and now five others have been arrested for breaking into (not out of) the jail at York, Pa. Their excuse was that they wanted shelter for the night.

San Francisco has several thieves who for boldness might be classed with the fellow who stole a stove with fire in it from a canal boat. They broke into a store, wheeled the safe to the street, loaded it on a wagon which they had in readiness, and drove off to open it at leisure.

At Kansas city, Mo., one morning recently, a citizen heard water running in the bathroom of his house. Examination showed that a burglar had plundered the house, taken off an old suit, enjoyed a bath, put on some new clothes belonging to the house-owner and escaped.

The old fence on the Yale College grounds, which has been known to students for years as a favorite lounging spot, is not to be demolished as had been intended. The situation of the new recitation and lecture building, for whose erection it was to give way, has been changed by the college corporation so as to allow of the old fence remaining.

A singular advertisement appeared recently calling for 100,000 live fleas, to be delivered in 5,000 lots, at a certain address. The advertiser proved to be a flea trainer, who revealed the fact that only one flea in a thousand can be taught anything, and then it takes three months to train them. The average lifetime of the insect is one year, hence the great demand.

PAST AND FUTURE.

BY A. Y. P.

God called her home, ye say! Ah, well, she's dead.
Her tender feet no longer tread life's ways;
Her soft, small hands, that wore the marriage-ring
So short a time, are folded. We were wed
Meseemeth but a fleeting summer day;
And she is gone, and life's an empty thing!

I, standing here, and looking at her face—
Her sweet young face, with its fair girlish brow,
Her soft brown hair, unlined, unchanged, and
bright—
Remember sadly all the tiny space
In which we loved; yet, quivering from the blow,
I know I shall forget this piteous sight.

Fold smooth the shroud over her sweet young form,
And carry her away, since it must be.
My sorrow shall be buried in her tomb.
At least, she doth sheltered from life's storm.
So will I leave her there, and fervently
Will pray that light may rise beyond life's gloom.

The Landlady's Niece.

BY E. L.

IT would not have made the least difference—as Mrs. Lobb was heard to declare afterwards, although her new lodgers had said most decidedly that they should not arrive till Wednesday evening, and this was only Monday morning—it would not have made any difference, but for the circumstance that Mrs. Lobb was not at home to receive them.

Now the said Mrs. Lobb (spinster in spite of her prefix) was the cleanest and smartest letter of lodgings at Shelton—where, be it promised, accommodation is scarce: one row of semi-detached villas perched on a ledge half-way up the cliff being all that speculative builders can find room for.

Proud of her cleanliness and activity, the brisk landlady was wont to declare—and with truth—that no person ever came and found her rooms dirty or in disorder. As soon as a tenant departed she donned her coarse apron, rolled up her sleeves, and, with the help of her stout serving-maid, swept, and scrubbed, and dusted—nay, even prepared and painted if necessary—nor desisted till she could find nothing more to do, and everything was in readiness for the next.

As she added to this extreme cleanliness considerable skill at cooking, Mrs. Lobb was able to boast that she never had to advertise her apartments—not she! Had she not quite a connection among the "nobs?" People of rank that would turn up their aristocratic noses at Miss Spriggs' tawdry parlors, and would not consent to spend a single night in Widow Barnes' fusty bedrooms, came to her again and again, and went away satisfied.

And so it was now. Sir Joseph and Lady Macpherson had engaged her apartments for relatives of their own—Cuthbert Lemoine, Esq., and his sister Fleda, who was just recovering from a dangerous illness, and would be accompanied by a Mrs. Prinson and her two daughters.

But it so happened that, in a thoughtless moment, Mrs. Lobb had consented to act as sponsor to the child of a relative married to a farmer residing a few miles from Shelton, and had just been pressed to redeem her promise.

"Come to you I cannot after Wednesday," she wrote back to baby's mamma; "but if you like to fix Monday for the ceremony, I'll take a holiday—my first this year—and spend it at the farm."

Mrs. Lobb was the rich aunt of the Lobb family, so her suggestion was cordially agreed to. Shortly before ten in the morning the farmer carried her off in his trap, stiff and stately in all the splendor of her best black satin bonnet and "morry anteek" gown; shortly before twelve two flys, laden with luggage, drew up in front of Clematis Villa, and filled with consternation the soul of the handmaid who was taking advantage of Mrs. Lobb's absence and sunning herself on the doorstep.

Out of the first fly stepped two slim-waisted, over-dressed damsels, simpering and mincing, and uttering little cries of rapture at the blueness of the sea, the whiteness of the cliffs, and the greenness of the grass.

"It was all too, too heavenly!" murmured Miss Prinson.

"Oh, more than heavenly!" ejaculated her sister, with an effort, for the pebbles of Mrs. Lobb's garden-walk were knobbly and her boots were very tight.

A gentleman sprang out of the second fly and assisted two more ladies to alight. The first was as slim-waisted, and mincing, and simpering as the Misses Prinson, though she was thirty years their senoir, and they called her mamma; the second was evidently the invalid on whose account the apartments were rented—a shadowy girl of sixteen or seventeen, so exhausted with the journey, that she had scarcely taken half a dozen steps towards the house before her head drooped on the shoulder of her brother, her eyes closed, and she lay helpless in his arms.

One of the Misses Prinson shrieked, the other clasped her hands and assumed a tragic attitude, after which both vanished, being much too sensitive, as they afterwards explained to Mr. Lemoine, to witness the darling Fleda's sufferings.

As for Mrs. Prinson, she began calling loudly for assistance, thereby so adding to the bewilderment of the handmaiden that she stood with open mouth and eyes to match, unable to comprehend anything that was said to her.

"I never saw such a ridiculous creature in my life!" ejaculated the indignant lady. "Do carry dearest Fleda in here!" she added, speaking to Mr. Lemoine, and pushing open a door as she spoke. "Ah!" no, not here—it is the kitchen! I never saw such a house, or experienced such neglect! What could Lady Macpherson have been thinking of when she sent us here? Come this way—no, no, it only leads to the garden! Where can the landlady be? I hope she does not drink—I have heard of such dreadful creatures! Ah! here is a room, such as it is, and a couch; pray put dear Fleda on it? Sweet sufferer, how pale she looks! As my dear girls were saying only yesterday, who can gaze at her and not feel——"

"A little water would revive my sister," Mr. Lemoine interposed, as he gently laid her down. "Will you stay beside her while I go in search of some?"

"You need not," cried Mrs. Prinson, who had just discovered that the neatly-furnished room she had unceremoniously entered was not untenanted. A young girl, who was writing letters at the centre table, had risen, and seeing Fleda Lemoine's condition, was already hastening towards her with a *flacon* of lavender water she had snatched off the mantelpiece. "You need not leave us, dear Mr. Lemoine, for here is the landlady at last! Here is Mrs. Lobb herself!"

"Is it possible?" the young man ejaculated beneath his breath; yet not so softly was the exclamation of astonishment uttered as to be unheard by its object—a slight, graceful little creature, whose very simple print dress was protected by a large white apron.

But Mrs. Prinson gave no one else time to speak. Seizing a palm-leaf fan that lay near, she commenced plying it vigorously above and around the invalid, at the same time rating the supposed landlady:

"I am quite surprised at this strange neglect! Have you no proper servants, and why aren't our rooms ready? I really think we shall have to remove elsewhere—what say you, Mr. Lemoine? We cannot expose our darling Fleda to the inconveniences of a badly-appointed household? Is there no hotel at which we could take refuge?"

"I think you will find Maggie an excellent servant," was the gently-spoken reply, although when taken by surprise she is apt to grow confused. I will go and explain your wishes to her, and I am sure she will do her best to give you satisfaction."

"But our rooms! Miss Lemoine ought to be taken to hers directly. I cannot understand why they are not ready."

Casting a compassionate glance at Fleda, who was just beginning to recover her senses, the young girl was hurrying away without making any further reply, when Mrs. Prinson's imperious voice recalled her:

"I will thank you to stay here, Mrs. Lobb, till I have given you a few directions about luncheon. We must have beef-tea made for Miss Lemoine; and what have you in the house? Nothing, I suppose."

"Nothing, I am afraid, but eggs and ham, which Maggie can cook very nicely. I think you will find the bed-rooms in better order than you appear to think, and I shall be most happy to do anything in my power for Miss Lemoine."

"Yes, but there ought to have been——"

Here Mrs. Prinson was interrupted.

"One moment, madam. I must remind you that you were not expected till the day after to-morrow, and I am not Mrs. Lobb—she is from home."

"Dear me, how very careless of her to be absent just now, and this poor dear"—again the fan was plied so vigorously that Fleda put up a thin hand to shield her face—"this poor dear requiring so much attention."

"My sister is not unreasonable," said Mr. Lemoine, smiling down at her affectionately; "she will contrive to put up with a few inconveniences till Mrs. Lobb returns."

"Let her be sent for immediately, Mrs. Prinson commanded. "Despatch a telegram or a messenger to your mother, my good girl, and tell her that we shall not be able to remain in her apartments unless properly attended to."

"Mrs. Lobb will be here this evening, till when I will do my best to fill her place; but I am not her daughter."

"Whether you are her child or her niece is of no consequence to us," was the pompous response. "Show me the way upstairs that I may satisfy myself the chamber appointed for Miss Lemoine is properly ventilated and fit for her reception. Pray be quick; and, oh, my dear Mr. Lemoine, do go and see what has become of my poor darlings. I know they are crying in each other's arms in some corner; Fleda's sufferings always unnerve them."

"I wish," said Cuthbert, when he was left alone with his sister—"I wish we could have come here with the Prinson family. The *mater* is so detestably fussy, and the daughters—but you have long known my opinion of the daughters."

"Mrs. Prinson was so kind when I was first taken ill," Fleda replied, "that it would have sounded ungrateful to decline her offer to come here with us, especially as neither of my aunts are in England; but I certainly did not think she would bring Roberta and Thomasine with her, and I wish with you that she had not."

"And yet they cry in each other's arms when you are ill," her brother observed, sillily.

Fleda pouted.

"I had rather, much rather, they didn't. I wish they would not insist on kissing me so often, and holding my hand between their hot flabby ones, and making me nervous by sitting and gazing at me till I could scream out at them. I am sadly afraid, Cuth, that they want you to marry them."

"What both? or is it all three? the mother as well as Robbie and Tommie?"

"You need not be ridiculous, sir. You are not a Mormon, and perhaps I am doing them great injustice, when in truth I ought to be very thankful that they have so obligingly immured themselves at Shelton for my sake."

"Do you think our gratitude obliges me to enter into their views?" she was sillily asked; "and if so, to which of the gentle Prinsons am I to pay my addresses?"

"Cuthbert, how can you suggest such nonsense? But I am too weary to scold you, and shall be glad to get into a quiet room where the sound of the sea will lull me to sleep."

She looked longingly at the door, which opened just then, the landlady's niece appearing to announce that everything was in order above-stairs for Miss Lemoine's reception. Too weak to walk, Fleda was raised in the arms of her brother, and in obedience to a whisper from her, he made luncheon a pretext for the drawing of Mrs. Prinson away.

By this manœuvre the invalid was left to the cares of the young girl whose sweet thoughtful face and gentle ladylike manners had favorably impressed her.

The too sensitive sisters appeared as soon as Mr. Lemoine returned to the parlor, and with both hands and upturned eyes described most pathetically the grief they had been enduring on Fleda's account; but though Thomasine frequently laid down her knife and fork to sigh, and Roberta suddenly pushed her plate from her—it had been replenished three times—declaring that the thought that dear Fleda was unable to be with them had quite robbed her of all appetite, they contrived to discuss as ample a meal as their mother.

When it was over Mrs. Prinson disappeared, ostensibly to sit with Miss Lemoine, but she did not get farther than her own bedroom, where she might have been seen and heard slumbering profoundly.

As for her daughters, they listened on Cuthbert; and whether he would or no, he was dragged down to the beach just to ascertain, you know, whether darling Fleda could be taken down to it on the back of a donkey or in a bath-chair.

Then Roberta, espying a travelling photographer, remembered that she had promised her *carte* to a dear friend who was going abroad, and she not only allowed Mr. Lemoine to pay for a dozen miserably blotchy representations, but insisted on his deciding on the attitude in which she would appear to the greatest advantage.

By the time this was settled Miss Thomasine Prinson had discovered that there was the dearest of little boats to be hired at the quay, and both young ladies were seized with an intense longing to be rowed to a rock that stood, grim and threatening, high above the blue waters of the bay.

As there was no escaping his tormentors Cuthbert handed them into the boat, and for the first half hour they quoted Byron and went into raptures; but long before they reached the rock those raptures had begun to subside, and before they could be relanded Roberta lay limp and ghastly at the bottom of the vessel, and Thomasine was in almost as bad a condition.

As they dragged themselves back to Clematis Villa, hanging heavily on the arms of their companion, Mrs. Prinson came to meet them.

Fleda had been feverish and ill for some time, she reported. Cuthbert stayed to hear no more, but, with the hastiest of apologies, left the ladies to tell the story of their voyage, and hurried into the villa.

Up three stairs at a time he sped to the door of his sister's chamber, but there he stopped and listened, breathless with ecstatic delight, for through the portal left ajar, on account of the heat, there stole the sweetest sounds.

Beside Fleda's bed, lulling her to sleep with the most delicious of Schubert's melodies, varied with Scotch airs and English ballads, sat the young girl whom Mrs. Prinson had rated on their arrival. Oh, shame that such sounds should be hushed by the harsher voices of the tight-booted, slim-waisted damsels, who now came tottering into the house to rest and refresh themselves before they appeared at dinner.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Lobb returned to her duties in the course of a few hours, and very soon proved herself a match for "them Prinsons," as she contemptuously styled the mother and daughters.

To Mr. Lemoine and his sister she was so respectful and attentive, that they were too well pleased with her to take much notice of the murmurings of their travelling-companions. Fleda, who was beginning to improve, was never sorry to see Mrs. Prinson and her highly-bedizened demoiselles go flaunting off to exhibit themselves on the beach or on the tiny promenade of Shelton; for she could find plenty of amusement in listening while her brother read to her, or in watching Mrs. Lobb as she whisked to and fro, and in and out, as busy as her maid Meggie, whose movements she directed.

And then there were always the evenings to look forward to when Katie—she knew the girl by no other name—would emerge from Mrs. Lobb's tiny sitting-room, to sit by her couch and sing to her till sleep consented to weigh down her eyelids.

"A good voice, did you say?" cried Mrs. Prinson, the first time Cuthbert remarked on its sweet, fresh tones. "Dear me, do you really think so? Well, for the uneducated daughter—or niece, which is it?—of a lodging-house-keeper, her ballads are not amiss, but she should not be allowed to murder Schubert. Now, my Roberta—by the way, you have not heard her sing, I am sure?" Cuthbert shuddered at the recollection of an hour's torture inflicted upon him not long since by the young lady in question. "Now, Roberta is so modest, that when I proposed her learning some of those charming German songs, she said directly, 'Oh, no, mamma, let me confine myself to the lays of my native land.' It was a pretty way of expressing herself, wasn't it?"

But in spite of Mrs. Prinson's surprise at their want of taste, Fleda continued to entreat Katie to sing to her at every opportunity, and Cuthbert to contrive ways and means of being one of her auditors.

Did quiet, thoughtful Katie ever guess that it was he who often stood so rapt a listener on the terrace beneath Fleda's window? or, that when he gratefully thanked her for the relief from pain and weariness her sweet songs had often afforded his sister, he was making comparisons betwixt her and the Misses Prinson, and not in their favor?

Always ladylike and unobtrusive, she kept out of the way of the trio who despised her; and though cheerfully willing to saunter along the cliffs with Fleda, or walk beside her bath-chair, when invited she modestly withdrew as soon as anyone drew near.

But ere long Mrs. Prinson considered it her duty to protest against Fleda's infatuation for the landlady's niece.

"It is so very amiable of your sister," she said to Cuthbert, "to take all this notice of the poor girl; but don't you think it is very bad for her?"

"For Fleda? I thought she had been making very satisfactory progress."

"In her health? Oh, yes! Thomasine cried for joy yesterday when she saw her walk, quite unaided, up the steep incline from the shore. I was thinking of this little Miss Lobb—horrid name, isn't it?—and how mistaken it is—I know I may speak freely—to pet her, and introduce her into the society of persons so far above her in station?"

"She has the manners of an educated, intelligent woman!" exclaimed Cuthbert, warmly; "and her exquisite singing——"

But here Mrs. Prinson's ironical titter made him pause, unable to conceal his irritation out by silence.

"Ah, now you are making fun of my caution, just to show me, I suppose, how unnecessary it was. You cannot really admire a voice that has had no training, that has neither style, nor *timbre*, nor execution, but is—as dear Roberts says—the wood notes wild, that are only endurable when we recollect that the singer is only Mrs. Lobb's niece."

Then Mrs. Prinson laid her hand caressingly on the young man's arm. How very provoking it was that he continued to be so blind to the fascinations of her dear girls, for he would be such an excellent match for either of them!

"As Fleda's maternal friend, I think it my duty to advise you not to let her form promiscuous acquaintances. We have all been very happy at Shelton. Poor Thomasine will not hear me speak of leaving this delightful spot; but don't you agree with me that it might be advisable for many reasons to transfer ourselves to some less secluded watering-place—Scarborough, for instance? Fleda begins to require more society than she can have here."

"I am sure she would not enjoy such a crowded place as Scarborough!" cried Mr. Lemoine, hastily.

"But I have sounded her, and she would very much like to spend a short time there."

"Then of course I shall not oppose her wishes," Fleda's brother replied.

But it was said rather gloomily, for was not Cuthbert Lemoine fast losing himself in a dreamland where one sweet face was ever before his eyes, one sweet voice ever ringing in his ears?

Yet, after all, would it not be prudent to depart before he betrayed himself? Could he, the son of an ancient, opulent race, carry as a bride to the home of his forefathers the niece of Mrs. Lobb?

But love proved stronger than such arguments as these. Katie was fair, and wise, and good; a truer friend, a better companion for his young sister than either of the Misses Prinson—and he should despise himself as the meanest of men if he forsook her because her birth was not equal to his own.

As soon as he could secure a quiet half hour free from Thomasine, who made more claims upon him as her hopes grew fainter, he sat down and wrote to Katie, manfully asking her to be his wife.

While she sang Fleda to sleep as usual he slipped into Mrs. Lobb's parlor, and placed his letter on the table by the window, at which he had often seen her writing or working, and watched with what patience he could for the result.

When he met Fleda in the morning, her first question was when he intended starting for Scarborough.

"You see," she added, in a whisper, "if we were there we could rid ourselves of the Prinsons. I am so tired of them, Cuth! and Shelton won't seem the same without Katie!"

Her brother's mystified look elicited from Fleda an exclamation of surprise.

"What! didn't you know that she went away early this morning? She bade me good-bye last night."

"Was it—was it unexpected?" asked Mr. Lemoine, terrible mortified at the idea that his wooing had driven her away.

"Oh, no, she told me some days since that her stay here was drawing to a close. I am so sorry to lose her. You don't know half her good qualities, Cuth."

"Don't I?" he responded, rather bitterly. "But why need you break off your friendship?"

Fleda's eye sparkled.

"Would you not have objected to our corresponding? That tiresome Mrs. Prinson has always impressed on me that you disapproved of the intimacy, and so I did not venture to propose continuing it."

"But it is not too late to make amends for the omission, is it?"

"I don't know: I did not ask her address. I wonder whether Mrs. Lobb can supply it?"

"Of course she must know where her niece has gone."

Fleda began to laugh.

"That ridiculous mistake of Mrs. Prinson's! It has often amused us. Katie would not let me rectify it; she said she preferred to let it pass."

"Then she is not related to our landlady!" Cuthbert exclaimed. "But who and what was she?"

"An orphan, who for the last few years has supported herself by her talents," was Fleda's answer.

"She told me no more, and I thought it would be impertinent to question her."

"And this is all you know?"

"I am sorry to say it is, except that she was under an engagement to spend a couple of days next week at Scarborough. That is why I fancied I should like to go there before we settle down in our own home; we might chance to meet her somewhere—on the pier, or in the terrace-gardens."

"Yes, we will start as soon as you can get ready. I will go and tell Mrs. Lobb our intentions."

While doing so, Mr. Lemoine contrived to edge in a question or two concerning Katie; but they were cleverly evaded by the shrewd spinister, who boasted that she never chattered about what did not concern her. An admission that she had lived in the house of Miss Katie's father before he had had the misfortunes that caused him to break up his establishment and die poor was all that could be gleaned from her.

Mrs. Prinson and her daughters rejoiced over the prospect of a trip to Scarborough, all the more that it would be at Cuthbert's expense; and if they looked blank when he added that, at the close of the few days he and Fleda intended staying there, they would have to bid their friends farewell, he did not choose to see it. The open attempts to lure him into those nets which both the younger ladies practiced had disgusted him as much as their mother's ill-natured efforts to disparage the object of his love.

After settling his fair charges at an hotel, Mr. Lemoine devoted some hours to roaming about in the hope of catching sight of Katie amongst the loungers at the queen of watering-places; but she was not to be seen, and it was with a heavy heart that he dressed to accompany the Prinsons—Fleda, was fatigued, and retired early—to a concert which was to be graced with the presence of royalty, and for which some of the most celebrated *artistes* of the day were engaged.

The hall was thronged, and watching group after group enter, and seeking amongst them the face of her he loved, Cuthbert paid no heed to the solos and trios the rest of the audience duly applauded. But suddenly a fresh sympathetic soprano burst into a plaintive old Welsh air, often sung at Shelton at his request, and turning his eyes towards the platform, Katie herself stood before him.

Dressed with exquisite simplicity, one creamy rose set in its green leaves in her hair, another in her bosom, she warbled the melody amidst breathless silence, that, when she ceased, was followed by a perfect storm of plaudits.

She was vociferously encored, and again she sang one of his favorite ballads, faltering a little on the final note, and blushing too, for she had caught sight of Cuthbert watching her.

"Who is the singer?" he heard Mrs. Prinson inquire of her neighbor. "There is something in her face that strikes me as familiar!"

"She is Miss Katrine Haydon, one of the most celebrated *cantatrices* of the day. Her father was a merchant, who failed through the villainy of his partner, and this, his only daughter, supported him till he died, by teaching music. Since then she has been induced to cultivate her beautiful voice; she has studied in Italy, where she achieved several triumphs, and is now gathering fresh laurels wherever she goes."

When Katie, accompanied by the elderly lady who acted as her chaperon, was leaving the hall she found Cuthbert Lemoine at the door, and something in her downcast face encouraged him to draw her arm through his, and constitute himself her escort.

"Why did I keep you in ignorance of my true name and position?" she repeated, when, her friend having good-naturedly walked on with an acquaintance, she and Cuthbert were left to themselves for a few minutes. "Because I liked—nay! loved—your gentle little sister, and feared that Mrs. Prinson would persuade you to forbid her to be intimate with a concert-singer."

"You must have strangely over-rated Mrs. Prinson's influence. Did you not know that she is merely an acquaintance to whom we were indebted for some kindness when Fleda was taken ill, and who has since foisted both her daughters on us as well as herself?"

"Is this all?" She gave me to understand"—but in overwhelming confusion Katie paused, and it was Cuthbert who finished the sentence.

"Gave you to understand that she proposed to invest me with the honor of being her son-in-law. But you knew better, did you not, Katie? Did you not get my note?"

"It was written," she said, tremulously, "before you knew what I am!"

"But not before my heart had told me that I could never be happy without Katie. Did you think I should love you less when I learned how bravely you had borne adversity, and exercised your talents for the sake of your father? My only fear is, that you will refuse to resign the brilliant life opening before you for the quiet home I offer!"

But Katrine Haydon's answer was to slip her hand into his with a confiding gesture."

The *cantatrice* was lost to the musical world almost before it had learned to appreciate her; but Mrs. Prinson goes about bewailing to all who listen that Cuthbert Lemoine should have made such a misalliance as to wed a mere nobody, whom she persists in calling his landlady's niece.

Minister (to bereaved widow)—"Yes, Mrs. Mildrew, John was such a good man; always the same, and you could know where to find him at times." Widow—"Yes, that's so." (Sobs.) Minister—"And then in money matters he was always so open-handed. I remember a time I needed money badly, and John went down in his pocket for the whole sum. Ah! it was such a help." Widow—"Has (sob) it (sob) ever been (sob) paid back?"

Ever True.

BY A. W.

IN a comfortably-furnished dining-room of a West End mansion paced the master of the house round the table, in a very bad humor.

He had come down at the usual hour of nine, and breakfast was not on the table—indeed, the servant had only just laid the cloth, and this in itself was enough to disturb his equilibrium for the day. But, then, his wife was surly, and his daughter late; and when breakfast was served, the coffee was cold and the eggs too hard, and he became more cross every minute.

Then the boy was late with the newspapers; and when three letters arrived, all addressed to Thomas Gurney, Esq., none of them seemed calculated to improve his temper.

The first he opened was from an agent in the country, who had done just what he was told not to do; the second was from the secretary of a benevolent society, asking for a donation; and the third—well, if it had been from Mephistopheles himself, it could not have surprised him more. It was a beautifully written letter from one of his clerks, informing him of his attachment to Miss Agnes Gurney, and that they had mutually confessed their love for each other, and then praying for his consent to their marriage.

His daughter watched his countenance with the greatest anxiety, and turned deadly pale when he gave her the letter, and asked if its contents were true.

She handled the letter with trembling fingers, but did not read it.

"Read it!" thundered the father.

"I know its contents," she answered, as firmly as she could. "It is true."

Mr. Gurney's rage knew no bounds. What did the impudent scoundrel mean by sending him such a letter? What business had he to address his daughter? Why was she foolish enough to throw herself away on a poor clerk with only a hundred and fifty pounds a-year, when she could pick from among marquises and earls? He would teach the young upstart his proper place.

He would dismiss him at once; and he commanded his daughter never to see him again, and never to write to him; and if she did not obey his orders, she would soon know what it meant to disobey him.

And he rose from the breakfast table, and banged the door after him, and, a few minutes later, walked out.

His daughter Agnes had expected this. Indeed, she had advised her lover not to write just yet, but to wait a year or two longer. Young Harry, however, was unwilling to wait, and argued that if her father would object to the engagement then, two years' waiting would make no difference.

"Surely," he had written to her the other day, "your father did not have any objection? Was he not a poor clerk like myself, when he married your mother, who was a rich heiress? Besides darling, it is you I want, not your money. I am young and strong enough to work for us both, and with persevering work, and trust in God's providence, I shall yet succeed in life—not as a clerk—but you know my future plans."

About ten that day Harry was dismissed from his position of junior clerk in the establishment of Thomas Gurney and Company. He left the office, and wandered about the street all the morning in deep thought, hardly knowing what to do. Should he defy Mr. Gurney's order, and try to have another and last interview with Agnes?

The temptation was too great, and he soon found himself in the long avenue with a row of stately mansions on either side. He passed the house several times, and was just on the point of going away, when a side door opened, and Agnes beckoned him to enter. They walked into the garden, and there he dried her tears and breathed words of hope into the fast-sinking heart. And yet he dared not believe himself in the bright hopes he held out to her. Youth is ever hopeful, and leaps over obstacles and stumbling-blocks with a light foot and a brave heart; but when stern destiny comes and lays its iron hand mercilessly upon a victim, then it is hopeless to struggle to be free.

A few days before he had told her of all his hopes and ambitions; how he meant to work his way with the talents that Heaven had given him, and how very soon he would come to claim her; how her father would then be proud to welcome him; but, now, a feeling of depression came over them; they were about to part—when would they meet again?

"Oh," sobbed Agnes, "I feel we shall never meet again!"

"Don't say so," said Harry. "Why, what makes you so depressed, dear?"

"I don't know," she answered; "but I had such a strange dream. We were standing by the river, when my foot slipped, and I fell into the water. You tried to jump in after me, but some invisible hand held you back. I was carried along by the stream, always further away from you; and I felt I was rapidly sinking, while you stood on the bank, stretching out your hands to me in bitter agony, but unable to save me. Oh, I fear this dream will come true!"

"No," he said, with passionate fervor, "that will never be. Fate is verily leading us through a very dark valley, but we shall yet emerge to the light, and shall yet speak of all these dark and gloomy days as past and gone for ever; only don't look so dejected, sweet one; it will break my heart to leave you so sad. Come, let me see you smile once more before we part."

She looked up, and smiled through her tears. It was a sight that went to his heart, and haunted him continually; it seemed to inspire him with a sudden impulse for action. He would not rest day or night till he could dry those tears, and bring the happy smile once more to her face.

"Good-bye, darling," he said; "let us only be faithful, and all will be well."

"Yes," she said, watching him until a turning hid him from view; "faithful unto death!"

Two years had passed since that last farewell; and very hard times had they been for the Gurneys. Business went bad; one failure succeeded another; the stately mansion had to be exchanged for a humbler home, the business removed to smaller premises.

Every day, one clerk after another was informed that his services would not be required any more. And at last came the death-blow. A large provincial firm, with which they were involved, failed, and Thomas Gurney, one of the richest city merchants, was sold of house and everything.

They retired to one of the suburbs, and rented a small house. The shock proved too much for Mrs. Gurney, who, always weak and ailing, succumbed to this greater catastrophe.

They saw not her faltering steps, how she became paler and thinner every day, how perseveringly she toiled when scarcely able to move about. But when her mother breathed her last, Agnes could not leave her bed.

Her father, whose spirits were entirely broken down, could not help her; and, but for the kindness of a poor laborer's wife, who pitied the beautiful and noble girl, there would have been no one to look after her.

Those who had flattered them in their palmier days forgot the poor sufferers now. What did they care for people down in the world, and, therefore, down in their estimation?

There was quite enough to think of otherwise; there were balls to prepare for, a host of visits to pay; intriguing mammas were only too glad that there was one girl less in the market. Besides, everybody was then speaking of the great musician, who was beginning to make his name in the world as one of the greatest composers; whose sweet strains of music had so peculiar a charm, harmonising especially with all who were sad and sorrowful.

He had just composed a grand symphony, "My Life," which, so rumor said, was his masterpiece. Tickets for the first concert sold at a premium. The interest of the public in the great master was only enhanced by the great mystery which surrounded his life and person.

The day of the concert arrived. The composer, a tall young man, was standing by the window of a beautifully furnished room in the West End.

Strange to say he did not care much for the honor he was sure to reap that evening; on the contrary, his thoughts were bent on a different subject.

"Two short years," he soliloquised, "two short years, and what changes have taken place! Two years ago, I should have given anything to be in this room—to have watched its occupants—to have seen one dear face, but I dared not enter. To-day, this grand mansion is my own, and yet how empty it appears to me! Where can she be now? Will she be at the concert to-night? Will I see her? Ah! that fatal dream, will it come true? I laughed at her then, yet inwardly a mysterious something told me it might come true. Perhaps she is in that stream now, drifting away, Heaven knows where, while I am here, held back by the strong hand of fate, not knowing where to go or what to do; and yet she must be somewhere. Ah, I will find her; love so strong shall yet conquer fate!"

He rushed out of the house, ran through one street after another, passed through a grand park, then hurried through more streets and lanes. People stopped and looked after him, who he was, but on he ran. Now he passed a few straggling houses, then into the open fields.

Still he ran on till he reached a cluster of small cottages, inhabited chiefly by poor laborers and artisans; and here he suddenly stopped, for just before him he saw an old man tottering along, bowed down by grief and old age, who muttered to himself as he walked.

"She wants Harry, and says he is outside; but God knows where he is now! But, Heaven! what do I see here?"

"Quick!" said the one addressed; "take me to her. How is she?—where is she?—quick!"

"Follow me," said the old man. "Here she is."

He led the way down a yard and up a staircase, which brought them to a small attic. Here, on a straw bed, lay Agnes Gurney!

She was not the shadow of her former self. Who would have recognized in her the beautiful girl who had been courted and beloved by everybody? It is true, she looked beautiful as she lay there, but it was a beauty we do not like to see in those we love, for it was unnatural—it was a beauty that belongs to another world.

Harry knelt by her side and stroked her thin white face. Love had conquered fate; but would it conquer destiny? He saw her; but would he rescue her?

The old man came to his side, and asked eagerly: "What do you think of her? Do you think she will live? Oh, say, will she live?"

He broke down in a paroxysm of tears.

"Oh, Harry, loss of fortune broke my pride; the loss of my wife broke my spirits; but the loss of her would break my heart!"

Harry shook his head. One had but to look at her to see that she was beyond all help.

And so they knelt silently by her side, brought together in so strange a way, the old man forgetting his old displeasure, and Harry forgetting his own wrongs.

What to them were all these personal recollections now? The ten thousand vicissitudes of life sink into insignificance when brought face to face with death.

"Agnes!" cried the old man—"Agnes, come back to your poor old father! Oh, my heart is breaking! Harry forgive me before I die! I know I treated you cruelly, and I reap now what I sowed!"

"I forgave you long ago," was all Harry could say.

It is strange that in the face of death and eternity we seem to catch a glimpse of the peace and purity of the future world.

Hardened as we may be, our thoughts become holy and our actions pure.

Oh, if we only lived more in the thought of eternity, how much better we should all be.

Agnes moved, and they watched her anxiously. Here breath was heavy and a cold perspiration covered her forehead.

At last she opened her eyes. She looked upward with a fixed gaze. Was it that she could penetrate through the smoky ceiling, and see, far above, the host of angels so bright and so happy, coming to receive her spirit?

They would not have long to wait; the tie of earth would soon be severed, and she would speed away on angel's wings to the land that knows no sorrow, that sees no tears.

One earthly duty more—the last she would accomplish; to bid her father farewell. She turned her face to him and held out her hand.

"Father," she murmured, "farewell—farewell! We shall meet again in a happier land!"

She turned round.

"Harry!" she cried—"you here! Now I can die happy! I have been faithful unto death!"

She closed her eyes, and the sweet spirit sped away to its happier home.

* * * * * *

The vast hall was rapidly filling. Carriage after carriage drove up, and, after depositing its inmates, hastened away to make room for others.

Never was audience more brilliant, consisting of royal princes, dukes, and noblemen, the most learned men of the day, and the leaders of the musical world. Ladies in matchless beauty and dress graced the boxes.

The hour had arrived; all the performers were in their places. The manager hurried up and down, in great excitement. Evidently, someone was anxiously awaited. A deep silence pervaded the hall, interrupted only by the rustling of the ladies' fans or the new-comers taking their places.

Suddenly there burst a shout of applause which seemed to shake the tremendous building to its very foundations, and the composer appeared—not with the firm step of one who had conquered, not with the smiling face of a people idol. He seemed to totter rather than walk to his place.

The audience looked disappointed. Was this the great hero whose name was on everyone's tongue? The shout stopped, and a strange feeling crept over the large audience.

The musicians watched their leader, and felt a keen pang of sympathy for him. What could it be that moved him so in this his hour of triumph? What grief was it that bowed him down when he ought to be the proudest of the proud?

Many a player dropped a tear, and took hold of his instrument with a firm grip. They would play as they had never played before; sympathy would inspire their fingers, and the expression would come from within; the heart would move the fingers and command the execution.

At last the symphony began. A short introduction showered with what earnestness the master meant to handle the theme. Then came the first movement—a sweet, spirited one, which breathed a tale of happy childhood, with its innocent pleasures; then came youth, with its many scenes of home and happiness. The music quickened as it told of early manhood, with its first struggles of life and storms of fate.

Brilliant was the music, and loud and long the applause which followed its close, and the composer turned to the audience with a face lit up with an unwonted glow.

But it passed away the instant the second slow movement began.

It was indeed a contrast to the first. It told a tale of love. How sweetly nature smiled, how merrily the birds sang, and the flowers bloomed, and the wind sang love-songs to the rustling leaves of the wood, and the stream rippled harmoniously, and the bells from the neighboring village church chimed in a merry peal! It was music unsurpassed, but it did not last long.

The note soon changed; it still lingered on as if in sweet remembrance of happiness; but it was with a tone of regret, for it was but a memory.

Then the scene darkened, and a low, long wail, as of a female in distress, touched the audience to the core. What did it mean? Was it a chord connected with his own life that he was disclosing in accents so tender, and yet so painful?

The wail, so impassioned, became more subdued, and lost itself in an expression of fervent prayer.

Men hardened by contact with the world, and women too, folded their hands, and remembered the time when they knelt by the side of a mother, long since departed and forgotten. A curious feeling, which had long been a stranger to many of them, took possession of them; it was a feeling of reverence, a feeling that they were treading on holy ground.

Such, indeed, is oft the feeling that nature instils into us when man returns and seeks the face of his Creator.

How holy that prayer! It brought the angels, whispering a happy chorus as they descended from their heavenly mansions. Nearer and nearer they came, but with voices mellowed and subdued—a lullaby rocking a spirit to sleep. The angel voices died away in the distance; they had taken the spirit with them. What was left on earth? Nothing.

The listeners were all in raptures. They had understood the master's language, seen it in his expression, and they rose like one man, offering their ovations to him who had so touched them.

Flowers were showered down by graceful hands, forming a large, splendid garden round him; but, instead of rising to acknowledge the honors, he only buried his face in his hands. It was strange; but he appeared to be a strange man altogether, and they would humor him.

All were anxious to hear the last movement, which, it was rumored, was even better than what they had already heard. But the master moved not, and when someone came to rouse him, he was dead!

We sometimes murmur that Providence does not reward patience and faithfulness as they deserve to be; but is there any reward in this world?

What is our life but the prelude to the next? It is but the portal through which we enter the vast cathedral of eternity!

A Sea Mystery.

BY T. B. B.

SOME years since, a ship was one morning discovered ashore on one of the many sand-keys near the south side of Cuba. The weather was fine, so that it was impossible for her to have been driven ashore by a storm; and her sudden appearance there created such a feeling among the superstitious wreckers that it was some hours before a boat's crew could be mustered to board the mysterious craft to ascertain whence she came.

After much hesitation, she was boarded. Not a living being was seen upon her decks. The cabin was then visited by one of the wreckers, who went down the companion-way with a cautious and wary step.

His head had no sooner disappeared, than his companions heard a piercing shriek, which seemed to issue from some confined place, such as a state-room, or small cabin, and immediately the man rushed upon deck, his countenance livid, and his hair nearly erect, having evidently been so acted upon by fear that he was unable to utter a word for some minutes.

After having somewhat recovered from the perturbation into which he had been thrown, he related to his companions the cause of his sudden retreat from the cabin. He said the cabin was quite dark, and as he descended the stairs, and the odor of a tomb saluted his nostrils, that he was about turning to ascend, when the shriek which those on deck heard was uttered close to his ear. This was admitted by all to be sufficient to cause the stout at heart to quail.

A consultation was held, which resulted in a resolution to go in a body to the companion-way, and ask who was below. Accordingly, they went to the door; and one of them, in a loud voice, asked, "Hallo! Who's below there?"

Innumerable groans were the reply, which caused the face of the bravest to blanch with fear, and an irresistible terror to take possession of them. They looked at one another, in the hope that someone might offer an explanation; but no one seemed able to throw any light upon the mystery.

The vessel bore evidence of having been long exposed to the action of the elements, as she was much decayed, and her rigging stranded in many places.

They carefully examined all things upon the deck; the hatches were battened down; water-casks were mounted on each side, but empty; the boats, or cranks, of a long-boat were in the usual place, but no boat was there, the appearances indicating that she had been launched many months previous; for the rats, which had been driven away by want of food, were rotten, so as easily to be poked to pieces with the fingers.

As they came to the forecastle door, one of them repeated the question which had been asked at the cabin, but no answer was returned. Encouraged by these signs they all agreed to descend into the forecastle and examine it, hoping to find something to explain this strange affair.

They descended, one by one, into the dark forecastle, and it was some time before their eyes became sufficiently accustomed to the darkness to distinguish objects, but when it was a horrible sight met their gaze—ghastly faces, with eyes fixed and glassy, but well kept, beards long and matted, and garments covered with mildew!

A sickening silence pervaded the place, which was at last broken. They were thunderstricken, and speedily ascended to the decks, where they resolved to enter the cabin in a body, and attempt to unravel this mystery.

They went to the cabin door, and asked, "Who's below?" and, not receiving an answer, as before, they ventured below, keeping close together, as though their very lives depended upon it.

Cautiously they descended, step by step, and gradually accustomed their eyes to the darkness, until they arrived at the foot of the steps, when, seeing nothing strange, they became bold, and ventured further aft, towards the state-rooms.

Not a sound was heard, save the dashing of the surf against the vessel's side. The very stillness impressed them with a fear they were not wont to feel; and what they had seen in the forward part of the vessel convinced them that some dark and terrible tale was connected with her.

They peered into the darkness with a distrustful eye, and each step was a short and lingering one. Gradually they moved along, stopping often to look behind to ascertain if the way was clear to the deck, and keeping close together for the purpose of mutual protection.

The same strong smell of decayed matter was discernible here, but no such sight as they had seen forward met their eyes in the cabin. They could now see plainly the various articles of furniture which the cabin contained; and as these appeared nothing strange their courage increased, and they commenced breaking open one of the state-rooms which had been fastened upon the inside.

A capstan-bar was procured, and a panel of the door was stove in, when they were petrified with horror by hearing the most piercing screams and unearthly groans issue from the apartment. Fear deprived them of strength; but in a moment their courage and strength returned in a measure, by hearing a gentle female voice inquire, "Who are you?"

"Those who will do you no harm," rejoined one of the party. "Who are you? How came you fastened in there? Are you alone?"

These questions followed each other in rapid succession, without any reply being made.

Several more were put, but with the same result, when they again commenced battering down the door, which was soon completely demolished. The entrance was at last clear; but no one had the courage to enter, so dark and gloomy did the room seem.

Numerous were the invitations for the owner of the voice to come out, but the invitation was not accepted.

They all had plainly heard a voice speak to them from that very state room, and yet there seemed to be no one within. For a few minutes they stood in silence, and then as silently ascended to the deck, though each one endeavored not to be the last to leave the cabin.

They rowed to the shore, and told their story, which induced many to visit the strange vessel. No name was on her, and nothing was found to tell where she came from, or how she came in that condition.

The body of a female, in an advanced state of decomposition, was found in the state-room which had been broken open, and a number of bodies in the forecastle—but nothing to show by what means they had met their untimely death.

The bodies were interred by the local authorities; but the wreckers ever after gave that sand-key a wide berth, for they could never explain the mystery of those strange sounds.

THE OLDEST FORM OF BREAD.—Biscuits are the oldest form of bread. At what period of man's history the lightening of dough by fermentation was first adopted no one of course knows. It is, however, certain that cakes made of nothing but oatmeal and water and then baked, are very much older. Fragments of unfermented cakes were discovered in the Swiss lake dwellings, which belong to the Neolithic age, an age dating far back beyond the received age of the world.

This is the earliest instance of biscuits as yet discovered, for biscuits are merely unfermented bread. Although this rude form of bread was early discarded for the fermented variety, yet in this, as in many other matters, it was found convenient to return to a discarded and apparently valueless process.

Thin, unfermented cakes were found to possess merits for special purposes. They would keep good for a greater length of time, and they were convenient to carry, and thus afforded wholesome and nutritious food in a portable and convenient form. The simplicity with which they could be made and baked was also a point in their favor.

It is not a little odd that the word "biscuit" embodies the process by which biscuits were made from time immemorial to within the last century, if not, indeed, later. *Bis*, twice, and *coctus*, cooked, shows that they were twice baked; and, although the double process has now been discarded, yet the name is retained.

WARNER'S Log Cabin Remedies—old-fashioned, simple compounds, used in the days of our hardy forefathers, are "old timers" but "old reliable." They comprise a "Sarsaparilla," "Hops and Buchu Kidney," "Cough and Consumption Remedy," "Sealpine, for the Hair," "Extract," for External and Internal Use, "Plasters," "Rose Cream," for Catarrh, and "Liver Pills." They are put up by H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies, and promise to equal the standard value of those great preparations. All druggists keep them.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

There has just been entered as student at one of the colleges of New Orleans a young lad whose education is to be paid for by the proceeds of the labor of a heroine. This boy comes from the country, and when his mother wrote to enter him at the college she said in her letter: "At last I can give my boy the blessed privileges of education. The money has been hardly earned. I earned every penny of it by walking in the cotton-fields picking cotton." Before the war this Spartan mother was a great lady. She owned many slaves and rode in carriages and had a box at the opera, with jewels and fine gowns a plenty. To-day she walks down the cotton fields that once were hers, and patiently picks off the fleece, for which she is paid for picking so much a pound.

A dog at Ashmont, Mass., is establishing a reputation for cordiality of manner and pure benevolence. Whenever a customer enters his master's shop he advances with dignity and gravely puts up a paw to be shaken. Sometimes a stranger will not understand this unique welcome, and then the dog will look grieved and again manifest his willingness to shake hands. A singular incident is reported as showing that his kindness is extended to dogs as well as to his master's friends and customers. Not long ago it was noticed that he disappeared regularly for a short time after dinner. His master, curious to know the cause, followed him one day and found that he went to a place which was covered with bones picked clean. Near by lay a dog with an injured leg who had been provided with a dinner each day by his benevolent friend.

It is estimated that not less than 9,000,000 kittens are annually brought into this sinful world. Of these, the great majority are miserably drowned, a practice which is destined shortly to be done away with by the recognition of the cat as a fur-bearing animal. Rugs of selected Maltese and tortoise-shell are a really quite expensive, and excellent imitations of various furs are made in this material. Taxidermists, too, are advertising for kittens by the thousand, to stuff for ornamental purposes. At present the only purpose to which they are applied in this country is the manufacture of carriage robes, but vast numbers of them are sent to Europe, where they are in great demand for coats and hats, dressing-gown linings and other garments. The pelts come in from all parts of the country. They are gathered by professional collectors, who supply them by the quantity at regular schedule rates. A common cat-skin is worth five cents, a pure Maltese ten cents, and a black one twenty five cents. A carriage robe of the best cat fur is worth from $40 to $50.

Parrots are growing in favor as pets, and are consequently in demand at the bird fanciers. The prices range from $8 to $15, according to the training of the bird. Like hunchbacks, parrots are either very amiable or quite the contrary ill-natured. As a rule, ill-natured parrots will only submit to the attentions of their familiars, and it is found quite impossible to conciliate them. The more ill natured the smarter is the parrot, and generally the most associable are the best informed. The parrot, like the monkey, is naturally mischievous. They pick up instinctively cross and bad words, and in teaching them to talk the dealers always keep them secreted in order that they may be away from evil influences, as it is a hopeless task to reform them. There are numerous species of parrots, but the green and gray are the most intelligent, and are found in West Africa and South America. They are generally brought to this country by sailors, who sell to the dealers. There is a species found in the South and Southwest, known as the Carolina parrot, which has a pretty plumage but is incapable of articulating words.

When Napoleon III was Prince President, one day the British Ambassador, Lord Normanby, particularly wanted an interview on important business with the President, and was requested by an aide-de-camp to wait just long enough to anticipate his visit. The ambassador did wait, grave and solemn in countenance, as became one who had come to talk on matters of state. Five minutes passed; Lord Normanby grew impatient; he heard stifled laughter in the next room, and, cautiously raising the hangings that masked the door, he saw Miss Howard, Lord Stanley, the Viscountess Pauline de Contades, two or three other ladies, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Prince President himself playing at blind-man's buff, the Prince being the blind-man. Without a word Lord Normanby advanced on tip-toe, the others keeping silence most discreetly, and tapped the presidential head. "Oh, this time I've caught you; it's Pauline!" exclaimed Louis, and, pulling off the handkerchief, stood confronted with the ambassador. There was a general laugh at the incident, and Lord Normanby joined in the game. Not a word of politics was breathed during that interview, but it lasted a couple of hours, and the quidnuncs of the time thought it must have been so important that the French funds dropped that evening one per cent.

A STATESMAN got off at Falls View to look at Niagara. After examining it critically for a moment, he remarked to a bystander: "Huge affair, ain't it? I suppose it runs all night too."

Our Young Folks.

HE WOULD BE A SOLDIER.

BY E. E. CUTHELL.

"WHAT 'ver be thee a-starin' at them sojers, boy, daft like! Look sharp and drive that there porker out o' th' d'tch."

Old Jonas was shouting at Joe, as he drove the pigs along the road towards the market town. But Joe, whom he had hired for the day to help him, heeded him not.

He leant, in his old smock-frock and muddy gaiters, flattening his face against the railings around the barrack yard gazing at "them sojers."

The bright autumn sun glanced down on red uniforms and flashing bayonets, and the shrill fife and the roll of the drum drowned in Joe's ears the grunting of the wandering pigs.

When market was over, and the two, unaccompanied by the snorting herd, took their way home again, the bright bugle call echoed in Joe's ears.

"Jonas," quoth he, as the two crunched over the browning fern towards the farm, "Jonas, is it hard to get to be a sojer."

Old Jonas shook his head, and wiped his horny knuckles across his eyes.

"Too shy by far, lad. Our Bill weren't no more nor a head taller than you, when he went and 'listed the day after the mop fair."

"But I've heerd tell as 'ow he wur killed in victory, Jonas!"

"Tunt wur poor comfort to his mother and me, as never so much as set eyes on him in his red coat!" grumbled Jonas.

Joe didn't reply. In his own mind he thought a victory better fun than pig-driving, or, in fact, farm work of any kind.

He was very delighted therefore when the keeper came around to his father's cottage that evening, as I've said, asking his support, with the inquiry if he could be spared to join the beaters in the morning, for the Squire had got a party coming to shoot the big wood."

"Spare!" replied Joe's father. "I should think so! Anything rather than do a hand's turn o' work, the lazy rascal! Carter's tried him with th' 'osses, and Shepherd with th' sheep, and now old Jonas with th' pigs. But he don't take to naught kindly-like."

Now the woodcock would have been very thankful to have got the message Joe got about the shooting of the big wood. There had been a slight frost the night before, which had brought a good many leaves off the trees, and had heralded the approach of winter.

The woodcock began to be sorry he had not flown southwards with a party of his relations who had started on their journey a week before.

But, beguiled by warm sunshine, and by an abundance of worms as well as of small beetles, he had lingered late that year in the big wood, already golden and russet with autumn tints.

But he was just sorry when pop, pop, pop, in the still autumn morning sounded the guns of the shooting party. The cries and blows of the beaters came nearer and nearer.

Startled hares and rabbits scuttled through the covert, and pheasants rose with a whirr. In the thickest part of the big wood, near a pond, sat our mottled brown friend, till he could bear it no longer, and then he took wing noiselessly.

"Mark woodcock!"

The voice was from the little beater, Joe.

The Captain raised his gun and fired.

The woodcock dashed away across the green ride like a hawk, unharmed, but a cry of pain went up from among the beaters. There down in the fern fell little Joe, covered with blood.

They put him on a hurdle and carried him home and set him down in his father's kitchen, while his mother covered her face with her apron, and shrieked that he was killed.

They brought father in from work, and a groom rode over to the town for a doctor. When the latter came he pronounced Joe to be only badly peppered with shot, and not seriously hurt.

Next day, while he was sitting up in the arm-chair, all plastered and bandaged, a well-dressed man came and knocked at the door. It was mother, up to her elbows in soap-suds, went to open it, and there stood the Captain. In he came, and seemed almost to fill up the little kitchen.

"Well, and how's the boy doing?" asked he cheerily.

"Nicely, sir, thank you, though he ain't much to look at."

The Captain laughed.

"No, indeed, poor boy; his beauty's spoilt for the time being. But I daresay this will go towards bringing it back, eh?" and he held out a bright half-sovereign.

Mother gasped. It was nearly a week of father's wages. But Joe did not hold out his hand.

"Thank you kindly, sir, but——"

"But what? Speak out, my lad. Anything I can do for you, after this unfortunate business, I'll be very glad to, I am sure!"

Thus encouraged, Joe grew bold.

"Beggin' your pardin', sir, but they told me as you was a sojer, barrin' the red coat ——"

"Yes; I don't shoot woodcock in my red coat. Well?"

"Please, sir, I wants terrible to be a sojer!"

Mother gave a little scream.

"Oh! lawk-a-mussy! Who'd 'a' thought it?"

But the Captain clapped Joe upon the back until his wound hurt, and then he cried—

"And so you shall, my lad! Well done! I tell you what, I'll enlist you in my own regiment, as a drummer boy!"

And thus it was that when the woodcock went south, winging his flight over land and sea, to warmer countries, Joe shortly followed him, but clad in a drummer-boy's red coat and epaulettes, across the sea to India.

* * * * * *

The soldier's hospital at Naini Tal, in the Himalayas, stood on the steep mountain side among the ilexes and the rhododendrons.

All the winter long it was deserted, and a pair of titmice had the place to themselves. When the snow wrapped the mountains in a soft mantle, times were hard for the birds. But they found flies and other insects hidden snugly away in the dry grass with which the outhouses were thickly thatched.

Then in the spring, when the crimson blossoms of the rhododendrons dyed the hillsides crimson, Mrs. Tit began to build a nest.

She chose a chink in a gnarled old ilex, which overhung the hospital verandah. Her pert little crested head, with its black top-knot, might have been seen peeping out of the hole as she sat on her eggs.

Just at the time these were hatched there was a great commotion in the hospital. The doors were thrown open, the rooms swept out, and there was much bustle in the verandah.

Then the invalids arrived—some almost well, and able to walk up the steep mountain roads; some white and weak and wan, carried in litters on coolies' shoulders; but one and all were fleeing from the furnace-like blasts that made life well-nigh unbearable in the plains below.

The tits became very anxious. All this unwonted bustle alarmed them very much, but burdened as Mrs. Tit was by the care of a young family, they could not think of leaving the ilex.

Nevertheless Mr. Tit went out in fear and trembling on his foraging expeditions. One day he brought back such a feast, a large piece of meat as big as he could carry.

"My dear, wherever did you pick that up?" asked his little wife.

"Over there in the verandah," he replied. "There's a sick boy lies there on his bed in the verandah when it is warm, and he cannot eat his dinner, and throws the pieces to the birds."

"How did you manage to dodge the crows, though?" asked Mrs. Tit.

"Ah! that would not have been easy," he answered, "but the boy is kind to me; he frightens the crows away and lets me get the bits."

Thus every morning Mr. Tit might have been seen strutting perkily about the verandah near Joe's bed. For Joe it was—pale and worn with fever, his ruddy color gone, from the terrible heat of the India climate—Joe, the shadow of his former self.

One day came a storm, driving down with howling wind and rain over the mountains from the far snowy range high above. It was the last effort of winter before he relaxed his hold on the lower green hillsides. It shook the tits all night long in their ilex tree, and it laid poor Joe once more tossing in fever.

And when morning dawned it was found some else too had suffered. The woodcock, driven down by the storm from the higher mountains where he had been wintering, lay exhausted and almost dead under the ilex.

The tits were very much perturbed about the invalid. It was their hopping and chirping over him that first attracted Joe's attention, when, feeling a little better, he was carried out into the verandah.

"Why, blest if it ain't a woodcock!" he exclaimed, holding the panting bird in his thin weak hands, and stroking feebly its rich brown plumage. "It minds me 'o home, and the big wood—I think I see it now. Put 'un down in some quiet place, Bill. Maybe he'll come-to like, and get back to home—which is more nor ever I shall!"

When the early spring dawn glowed on the snowy range of the Himalayas, and gradually lighted up the valleys and the mountain slopes, and the titmice awoke in their ilex tree, the woodcock was not to be seen. He had recovered himself and sped on his flight.

Though they watched all day for their usual morsels, Joe never came into the verandah. But at evening a little procession composed of soldiers and the Captain followed the drummer-boy's coffin, covered with the Union Jack, to its last resting-place in the small cemetery among the evergreen hills.

LIKE GROWN FOLKS.—"Let's play at being grown-n folks," said little Mabel. "All right!" responded Mary and Susie. "What shall we do first?" "We'll play at calling on each other. But one of us will have to be the little girl. "I'll be Mrs. Brown, and, Mary, you'll be my little girl. Then, Susie, you'll be Mrs. Jones, and you'll call on me.

After Mary had objected very strongly to being the little girl, and had been satisfied with a promise that the next time she should be the lady and Susie should be the little girl, Susie inquired, "But what shall we do when I call?" "Why, we'll act just like grown-up ladies do," said Mabel. "When you come in, Susie, we'll be awfully glad to see each other, and we'll kiss, and then we'll sit down. Then you'll look at Mary, and say, 'Little pitchers have big ears.' And then I'll say, 'Mary dear, run down to the kitchen and see if there isn't something you can do to help Jane.'"

A BALLOON VOYAGE.

BY LUCY TANNER.

"WHAT'S that big package in the cart, uncle?" I said to my kind Uncle Richard. He was an officer, and had spurs, and a sword which clanged at his heels on the ground sometimes.

"That's my balloon," replied Uncle Dick."

"What is it for, uncle?" I inquired.

"To sail up in the air," he answered. "When you and I go up in it you shall see us sail up, up into the clouds!"

"Really, uncle," I said, as, with my mouth wide open, I watched the men unpacking the silken mass and its netting. "Do you really and truly mean that you can sail up in the sky in that baggy thing?"

"Yes, my lad. That 'baggy thing' can be filled out with gas, and float in the air as your fishing-float swims in the water."

"Can I go, uncle?" I asked.

"Certainly not. What would your mother say?" replied my uncle.

"She says you can always take care of me, uncle," I continued; "and you can, of course. I am not afraid."

"Nonsense, child! Little boys must never go up in balloons. There's danger. I am going to make experiments."

"What, uncle? 'Speriments? Is it something to eat? Like toffee, is it?"

"Don't be silly, Herbert. Go indoors, now, and look at the balloon soon, and go up to the moon," he said, laughing.

"Shall I see the man in the moon, then?"

"Well, I shall not see the boy in the balloon, nephew," he said, smiling; "so run away and have your tea."

Of course I went away. But all the time while I was eating my bread-and-butter, and scraping the jam around the jam-pot, I was thinking of uncle and his balloon. I also dreamt of what he told me and of what I had said about the man in the moon, and his answer—

"Yes, but no nephew in the balloon!"

Then I thought what fun it would be to hide in the balloon—to creep in like a mouse, and, when no one was looking, sail up to the moon! Oh, what fun if I could reach it and find it made of new cheese (green cheese), after all.

I could not sleep. I lay awake, and tossed and tumbled my bed-clothes. The sheet got where the blanket had been, and the blanket felt so hot and heavy. My pillow got hot and tumbled, and at last the bed-clothes fell off altogether, and I was left in the early morning lying on the greased sheet rather uncomfortable, and a little chilly.

I jumped up. There was the balloon on the lawn hanging over like a tipsy peg-top. It couldn't hold up its head properly, but the lower part was all safe—something like a boat was fastened to it a little distance away, and cords held the great peg-top to the ground. There were people filling it with gas, and it got fuller, and fuller, and fuller.

Now was my time. I dressed as quickly as I could, and hurried out. Hardly any one took any notice of me then. I peeped inside the boat which people said was the car, and while every one was watching the gas I crept in, covered myself with the pile of rugs, and crept under the seat. Ha, ha!

No one could see me. I could see nothing, but I could hear. I listened, and after a long while I heard my uncle's voice.

"That will do. We shall return to luncheon. Come, Tom, let us be off: there was not much wind—we shall have a charming day."

Yes; there was a jerk and a swinging feeling: things seemed going round with me—I felt going round and round very slowly—but did not feel any movement upwards.

I wanted very much to peep out, but did not dare. I wondered whether my uncle would cane me, or box my ears, or slap my cheeks, or throw me out altogether. Were we near the moon?

I was wondering where we were when I heard uncle say to my cousin—

"Just give me that ballast, Tom; I will go up a few hundred yards. Is that the sea yonder? If so I think we must find a higher current and cross to France."

"It is the sea," replied my cousin. "I had no idea we had come across country so fast. Here's the bag."

He caught the sand-bag, and at the same time discovered my shoes and red stockings.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, "who is this? I expect I do—me! Oh, you young scamp! How did you come on board?"

"What!" cried Uncle Richard, "Herbert here? Oh, you little wretch! I have half a mind to throw you over. Sit down, you naughty fellow, or I will box your ears. Be quick."

I was quick—very quick. My cousin, Tom Bellindon, threw sand over, and the balloon seemed to go up. I peeped over; the earth was a tremendous distance below, and looked like a puzzle or a map. It seemed to sink down, and then nearly fade away altogether. Then I saw something grey and moving. This was the sea, they told me, and both uncle and Cousin Tom were afraid the balloon would fall in it.

"I wish we could get a breeze, Tom," said my uncle Richard. "I don't at all like the idea of tumbling into those little waves."

He spoke laughingly, but I believe he was quite serious. My cousin looked very much alarmed, but I did not know the danger, and smiled.

"It will be fun if we can sail on the sea with our balloon," I said. Uncle replied grimly—

"You may not think it so funny by tea-time Herbert. Keep quiet. Are you hungry?"

"Very," I replied.

The mention of tea had rather stimulated my appetite, and I ate some potted meat and bread with great relish.

Meanwhile Uncle Richard and my cousin were letting out our ballast—bags full of sand; and up we went, but did not seem to go any faster. I believe we did not move five miles in the next two hours, and at length I went to sleep.

I was not frightened, and not giddy when I did not look down; but I felt a little queer."

When I woke up again the balloon was falling slowly, and I could see that both uncle and Tom were alarmed—particularly Tom.

"We shall fall into the sea, as sure as fate!" cried Tom.

"I am afraid we shall," said uncle. "Can you swim, Herbert?"

"Yes," I replied. "But won't the car float?"

"Not for long, with that ripple. There is a breeze on the water, and the waves may dash in. Besides, our gas is falling, and the balloon will not hold up. There are fishing-smacks there, fortunately; and we shall be picked up, I hope."

We all shouted to the men in the smacks, who were watching us, and we got over them—or they got under us—uncle pulled the string and the gas escaped. Down we rushed to the sea—too fast! The car struck the water, splash, dash, rush!

Out I went head-first into the water. The balloon was dragged away, and there I was struggling in the sea! Oh, how very cold it felt!

Was I going to be drowned? I swam as well as I could, but that was not much, and I should certainly have been drowned had not a boat from one of the smacks come to my rescue and pulled me out.

As soon as I had gained my breath again, I looked to see what had become of the balloon. It was being dragged along the water, and the car was sinking.

Uncle and Cousin Tom were clinging to the ropes and netting, and were so far safe. But if the wind had risen, or had the sea got rougher, they might have both got drowned.

I screamed out, but the boats soon came near them. It was not at all an easy matter to get them off the balloon, because it kept swaying and turning and hopping about, and the ropes got loose and tangled with the boat's oars.

At last my kind uncle and his son were rescued, and brought into Greymouth Harbor. A great crowd of people came to see us land.

Every one had seen the balloon, which went off to sea by itself. It was torn and useless, and sank at last in the North Sea somewhere.

So my uncle lost a great deal of money, and all of us nearly lost our lives by going sailing on the sea in a balloon.

I have never been in a balloon since, and I do not think I shall ever go again. Nor would I advise any of my young readers to try a trip in the air. It may result as mine did, in a fall, or worse.

SOLDIER DOGS.—It is now about three years since the Germans began to train dogs for the outpost service in time of war, the first experiment being made at Lubben, in Prussia, and in Elsass. The dogs are all of the same breed, a breed not thought of very highly amongst us. They are Pomeranians or Spitzes, mostly white in color, but occasionally gray, the gray ones being chosen when possible, owing to their being not so conspicuous. Our Spitz dogs are always faithful so long as they are left at liberty, but, once they are chained, little dependence is to be placed upon them; and the same peculiarity distinguishes the breed in its native country.

Each dog wears a light iron collar and pouch for letters, but he is never tied up or led by a string. His education is very carefully attended to. He is taught to smell out a Frenchman or a Russian anywhere, and to know the difference between foreign uniforms and that of his own land. By certain sounds and gestures he is taught to give his master notice of his discoveries, and he has to run *from* post to post with letters in his pouch, besides looking up the wounded and straggling of the regiment to which he belongs.

Every company has two or three dogs, so that the "regimental dogs" number a couple of score at the least; and these dogs always go out with the advance guard. A strange sight it is to see a German regiment on the march with the dogs behind the band, each looking as important as if he carried the proverbial field marshal's *baton* in his pouch.

The dogs are always stationed with the outer flanks of sentries. As soon as a stranger is noticed, off goes the dog to investigate. A long sniff gives him the enemy's peculiar odor, and back he comes to report. Should anything suspicious be noted, away goes the dog, as trained, hedges and woods in search of an ambush. When the examination is complete, the report is written on a slip and placed in the pouch, and the dog hurries off to the rear officer in command.

OLD LETTERS.

BY J. CAMPBELL.

Such a little thing—a letter,
  Yet so much it may contain;
Written thoughts and mute expressions,
  Full of pleasure, fraught with pain.

When our hearts are sad at parting,
  Comes a gleam of comfort bright
In the mutual promise given:
  "We will not forget to write."

Plans and doings of the absent,
  Scraps of news we like to hear,
All remind us, e'en though distant,
  Kind remembrance keeps us near.

Yet sometimes a single letter
  Turns the sunshine into shade;
Chills our efforts, clouds our prospects,
  Blights our hopes and makes them fade.

Messengers of joy or sorrow,
  Life or death, success, despair,
Bearers of affection's wishes,
  Greeting kind or loving prayer.

Prayer or greeting, were we present,
  Would be felt but half unsaid;
We can write, because our letters—
  Not our faces—will be read.

Who has not some treasured letters,
  Fragments choice of others' lives;
Relics, some, of friends departed,
  Friends whose memory still survives?

Touched by neither time nor distance,
  Will their words unspoken last·
Voiceless whispers of the present
  Silent echoes of the past!

CONCERNING CANARIES.

The canary birds came to America from Europe, and the first hint that can be found of the forbears of our yellow favorites, who "discourse sweet music" to us winter and summer alike, is in Spain, where we are told that, in 1478, some specimens were brought by Henry the Navigator, on his return from one of his voyages, during which he had landed at the Canary Islands.

Though very unlike most of the canaries we now see in cages (for in color they resembled the linnet, a gray, shading into green on the breast), they soon were sought after for their song, and high prices were paid for them by the Spanish ladies.

The Spanish bird fanciers soon began to breed from them; and as only the cocks, or singing birds, were for some time brought to Europe, they now and then conveyed some of the cocks to the Canary Islands to act as decoys for the female birds. It is said that these travelled birds were very healthy.

The Spaniards were carefully reticent about their Canary song-bird; and for a long period canaries, were to be had only from Spain at high prices.

In 1623 a book was written about them, and published in Rome, and in it we read that accident, and not generosity, put an end to this monopoly. A ship that carried a consignment of canaries on board, was wrecked on the Italian coast, and many of the birds escaping flew to the Island of Elba, where the climate suited them very well, and they bred and flourished.

The Italians soon found this out, and were so eager for the birds that, in the course of some years, they were exterminated there; but not till the Italians had produced some good breeds. As they were not quite so secretive as the Spaniards, the people in the Tyrol soon shared the knowledge, and passed it on to the Germans and other Northern nations.

In the seventeenth century the mining population at Imst, in Oberinnthal, were specially noted for their cleverness and skill in training the canary, and as, fortunately, the demand grew with the increase of the supply, most of the inhabitants (not being very liberally paid for mining work) devoted themselves in their spare time to the songsters.

Guilds were, in course of time, formed to organize and extend the traffic. The members subscribed so much, and the common fund was devoted to procuring the very finest birds from distant parts.

Some of the men were chosen as deputies or representatives to travel abroad and sell the birds; and year after year they went forth, arrayed in their gay costumes, with the well-trained young birds in large baskets, expressly made for the purpose, on their shoulders. In course of time, they travelled throughout Germany, and, by-and-by, extended their journeys to Switzerland, France, Belgium, and Holland; venturing, at last, even into Russia, Turkey, Syria, and Armenia.

For nearly a century this went on; and, if in Imst the highest possible song-powers of the bird were not developed, much was done to increase his beauty of form, plumage, and color, though, as yet, it must be confessed, our familiar yellow bird was not in existence.'

The title of "Tyrolese bird," often given to the canary, has thus a definite historical meaning. But there were bad as well as good canary years; and, unfortunately, a series of bad canary years came along with a sudden and almost total failure of mining at Imst.

This failure led to many changes, and finally to a movement of the bulk of the population of Imst to Saint Andreasberg in the Hartz Mountains of Germany, where mining was then actively carried on. The trainers brought their birds with them, and continued, as at Imst, to carry on their training in their spare time.

With regard to the yellow color, it is said that, after domestication in Belgium, Germany, and England, the birds threw up on the feathers small patches of yellow of lighter color; and by carefully matching those birds that had the largest number of these patches, the breeders at length, and after a considerable period, succeeded in obtaining a bright and uniform yellow color, closely resembling the "clear" birds of to-day.

But the application of the phrase "canary-color", to indicate a special shade of yellow, though general, is not justified by the facts. Canaries of pure breed are to be found of many colors.

Whole breeds are green; and, by feeding on pepper and other seeds, canaries have been produced of cinnamon, and coffee color, and even of red; and, in the Lizard variety, the bird, though yellow in the crown, is elsewhere shaded and spangled in the most lovely manner.

But pure yellow birds had been produced before the beginning of the eighteenth century, for it was the custom of ladies of fashion, on receiving visitors to have the yellow bird perched on the left arm; and we have good evidence of this in the fact that some of them had their portraits painted in this manner by artists of note.

The rapidly-increasing demand for the bird, and the competition which has thus been excited, have done not a little to injure the training. It has become less a matter of pastime and pleasure and more of a mere trade. The birds are now turned out wholesale—treated in mass, without the nice regard to individual traits and possibilities, which alone can produce the best results.

Even in Saint Andreasberg (the "Canary Mecca," as it has been called, which every lover of the canary must visit at least once in his lifetime), we are sorry to say, this is already too much the case, though nowhere else will so many fine stocks be found in so limited a space.

Grains of Gold.

No man was ever so much deceived by another as by himself.

Yesterday suggests, to-morrow promises, but to-day accomplishes.

The integrity of men is to be measured by their conduct, not by their promises.

It is far better to educate persons to keep out of sin than to convert them out.

God excludes no person from Heaven or happiness simply on account of poverty.

To be lied about teaches us not to believe the one-tenth of the bad things said against others.

The ideal of high-breeding is reached by those who best fulfill their duty towards their neighbor.

Love is God's loaf; and this is that feeding for which we are taught to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread.

If thou would be justified, acknowledge thy injustice; he that confesses his sin begins his journey toward salvation.

The continual repetition of moral precepts which are accepted but not obeyed, tends to lessen rather than to increase their effect.

How can you learn self-knowledge? Try to do your duty and you will soon find what you are worth. What is your duty? The exigency of the day.

No one need be without an interest in life while there is a human soul to love, or a body to comfort, a new fact to learn, or a new beauty to admire.

Never put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others. A man prone to suspect evil is mostly looking in his neighbor for what he sees in himself.

There is no action of man in this life that is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences, as that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end.

Femininities.

Virginia is credited with being the largest peanut-bearing State in the country.

Want of occupation is the bane of men and women—perhaps more especially of the latter.

A pretty brooch is in the shape of a beetle, with gold legs, ruby eyes, and wings of carbuncle.

Opera hats will be quite as necessary a portion of a fashionable woman's attire this winter as an opera cloak.

The old and graceful fashion of wearing long veils of gauze wound about the head and shoulders is to be revived.

Generally speaking, a woman's praise of another woman means as much as "Yours faithfully" does at the end of a letter.

The Association of Dancing Teachers on the Pacific coast have in contemplation a complete revision of the present style of dancing.

Two golden bugs, with garnet wings and diamond necks, fighting a duel on a branch of gold with miniature swords of silver, is a grotesque design for a brooch.

A woman of Mulberry Grove, Ill., tried to get a warrant of arrest against neighbors who found her house on fire and broke open the door to put out the flames.

There is a popular impression to the effect that a woman can not keep a secret. Yet who ever heard a woman say that her new black silk was partly made up of the old one?

A female surpliced choir is an innovation in an English church that is creating something of a sensation. The singers wear surplices not unlike an M. A. gown, and purple velvet caps.

Party, looking for lodgings: "But 'the use of a piano' is no use to me. I can't play." Landlady: "Oh, sir, but you'd have the use of it all the same. My daughter is always a-practicing."

He: "My dear wife, I love thee so fondly that when I am near thee I feel not the cold blast of winter." She: "Ma, too." He: "Glad to hear it. Then you don't need any sealskin sacque this season."

The newest fad with elegant society of Paris consists in fixing metal boxes with slits in the cover to slip in visiting cards, by which the family of the deceased can know who visits their dead relative's grave.

"Just think," said Mrs. Walkin to her modiste, "the very next day after my new black suit was sent home I was called to go out of town to a funeral." "Wasn't that nice!" was the absent-minded reply.

Mrs. Case, a real estate agent in Chicago, makes a specialty of renting furnished houses, and she succeeds admirably, because women understand better than men what a furnished house requires and how to show it.

There is no accounting for tastes. Miss Greer, the handsomest girl in Indiana, and the daughter of a clergyman, has just eloped with a laboring man—coarse, vulgar, uneducated and homely, and who has, moreover, a wife and two children.

A woman in a red dress was walking in the streets of Zacatecas, Mexico, when a bull, attracted by the scarlet color, rushed at her and tossed her sky-high. She alighted on the ground, on her bustle, on the other side of a wall, and without injury.

She was brave. He: "Getting married seems to be very dangerous now. No fewer than seven brides have been accidentally killed on their wedding day this year." She, ingenuously: "But no true woman will shirk her duty, Tom, through a craven fear of death."

Women are acquiring recognition in quarters where one would least expect it. A Cardinal of the Church at Rome expresses his conviction that women are better fitted than men to convert the African youth, and recommends that they be sent to preach the Gospel in the French possessions in Africa.

"You're just too stingy for anything." "But, my dear, you know I can't afford to buy you that sacque now." "Yes you could, if you would. You're just—boo-hoo—as mean as you can be. I just—boo-hoo—wish I was a seal out at the Zoo—boo-hoo—so I wouldn't have to beg you—boo-hoo—for every little thing I wanted."

Conjugal conversation overheard in a street car: "What are you going to give me on the 15th, dearest? You know that is my birthday." "It is a date I never forget, darling. I shall give you $100." "Oh, how lovely! I'm going to buy that exquisite wrap." "Excuse me, love. I give you the $100 to pay the rent." Sulks.

Hardwick, Mass., has furnished another victim of the cider barrel. This one was Mrs. Louis Babbett, who, one evening lately, held a light while her husband drew cider from a barrel at the head of the cellar stairs. She lost her balance, fell over the barrel and down the stairs, and, the barrel following, rolled over her and killed her instantly.

The ideal of married life is, that husband and wife should have perfect confidence in each other, and that their relations to other men and women should be without constraint; yet, in reality, this cannot be. Make up your mind to forego intimate friendships with any man except your husband, and you will save yourself much pain.

Maggie Blanchard, of Holling Point, Newfoundland, is a fine chunk of a child. When she was 5 months old she was large enough to sit at the table and eat the same food that her parents ate. Now, at the age of 5 years, she measures 48 inches around the waist, weighs 170 pounds, and wears stockings as large at the ankles as 10-cent salt bags.

The Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia was last year at a dinner party the neighbor of the celebrated artist Rosa Bonheur, and, as he happened to find two almonds in the same shell, he became indebted to her a philopena. Asked what it should be, Rosa Bonheur chose an animal tame enough to be used in her studio as a model. She had forgotten all about the matter, when last month three young white bears were presented to her by the Grand Duke.

Masculinities.

A man need not believe quite all that he hears against himself.

Short and business-like. He: "My darling, I love you." She: "Thanks—ditto."

A married man can always pack a trunk more easily than a bachelor can. He gets his wife to do it for him.

A toothpick factory recently started in Maine expects to work up 2000 cords of wood the coming winter.

Because a wife does not speak out against some of your habits is no proof that they do not make her unhappy.

Conceited men often seem a harmless kind of men, who, by an overwhelming self-respect, relieve others from the duty of respecting them at all.

What a suspicious monster the man must have been who first invented a lock; but what a trusting creature the woman who first allowed a latch key!

It is said the coming man is going to be hairless and toothless. This being the case, if the human family is not to die out, the future woman is to be tilted.

One who has made the fatal plunge says that it is premature to tell any woman that she is an angel until it is seen how she can cook a steak and boil a potato.

If there is any sight in this world more saddening than that of a bachelor at a baby show it must be the spectacle of an old maid among the spectators in a divorce court.

If a man is gracious to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them.

One of the first requisites of well-ordered home life is punctuality. If there is no regard for time, if the administration is "happy-go-lucky," there will always be more or less friction.

No wonder they say the Yankees exaggerate. We know one who complained to his butcher that the last piece of steak sent him was so tough his mother could not chew the gravy.

To encourage honesty and sincerity, confidential clerks and salesmen in all branches of industry in China receive an annual net percentage of the firm's business besides their regular salaries.

At Windsor, Ont., a local professor has obtained a verdict of $10 damages against a newspaper which had called him a "musical pirate" and several equally tuneful names. He sued for $2000.

A pithy definition of a lover is the following: "A lover is a man who endeavors to be more amiable than it is possible for man to be, and this is the reason why almost all lovers appear ridiculous."

"Bob, you say that you believe most diseases are contagious. How long have you entertained such notions?" "Ever since I sat alongside of a blue-eyed girl and caught the palpitation of the heart."

If man is royal when he commands nature, and yet more royal when he commands his fellow-men, his highest exercise of empire is over himself, and he best learns to wield it by voluntary submission.

Young mother, displaying the baby: "Do you think he looks like his father, Mr. Oldboy?" Mr. Oldboy: "Well, ye-es, there is a family resemblance; but it isn't striking enough to worry about."

Brother Talmage, speaking of a lady who recently gave birth to quadruplets, says: "God bless the woman; she reminds us of Peter, for whenever he had anything to do he did it with all his might!"

Do not allow coldness to grow between you and your wife till it becomes a habit. It is dangerously easy, even between those who love the most. Never let the night pass without at least attempting a reconciliation.

A postoffice employe says the gummed surface of a postage stamp should never be placed on the tongue. Moisten the other side of the stamp and the corner of the envelope, or the latter only, and the stamp will stick for all it is worth.

A physician, a few weeks since, giving an account of the decline of a church in his town, said it had died of the "foot-and-mouth-disease." Being asked what he meant, he said that the people spent their time "running around talking about each other."

A "mending office" for bachelors has been established in New York. Here socks are darned, buttons sewed on, and other necessary repairs made at small charges for the benefit of single men who have no feminine belongings to care for their garments.

In China a man can borrow money on the strength of his having a son, but no one will advance a penny if he has a dozen daughters. The former is responsible for the debts of his father for three generations. The latter is responsible only for the debts of her own husband.

Judge, with emphasis: "Clara, is that George fellow coming around here again to-night?" Clara, hopelessly: "I believe so, papa." Judge: "Well, daughter, remember this, this house closes at 10 sharp, and—" Clara, hastily: "Oh, George will be here before that, papa; please don't worry."

"Where are you going this evening, Charlie?" said one young man to another. "Going to call on Miss Clara." "But you went to see Miss Annie this summer." "Yes. You see Annie doesn't like ice-cream and Clara doesn't like oysters, and so I go to see Annie in the summer and Clara in the winter."

One of the most absent-minded men in Buffalo was sitting in his hotel-room in the dark the other evening, when one of the bell boys came in with a note for him. The man took it, hunted for a match to light the gas, couldn't find one, struck the note in the grate, set it blazing, lighted the gas, threw the burning fragment into the grate, and then hunted high and low for the note he wanted to read.

Recent Book Issues.

Peterson & Brothers, publishers, this city, have issued a fine steel engraving, 22 x 28 inches, of Overbeck's "Christ Blessing Little Children." Price, $1.

"Natural Law in the Business World," by Henry Wood, is an attempt at explaining the true causes that lie at the root of Labor and Capital in their relation to man and to each other. Published by Dillingham, New York. Price, 20 cents.

Virginia F. Townsend has written a fresh "Life of Washington"—from a woman's point of view—which certainly reads pleasantly if it is not altogether faithful to stern fact. She claims to put his character in a new light, and does so heartily. Splendidly printed and illustrated. Published by Worthington, New York. For sale by Wilson, No. 111 South Eleventh street.

Full from cover to cover of pleasant pictorial fancies, good illustrative pictures, grotesque alphabets and pleasant text, is "Ida Waugh's Alphabet Book." There is limitless pleasure for little ones on each page—a page to every letter—in finding out the half-hidden picture-letter, or learning the idea of its accompanying story. Altogether a good idea beautifully carried out. Published by Lippincott & Co. Price, $1.00.

"A Woman's Reason," W. D. Howells's new novel, now appears in the handsome Ticknor Paper Series. The pathos and power of this story have been universally praised, and it is probably his greatest work. The beautiful character of Helen Harkness, in the great problems of life that she was called upon to work out (like so many of our sisters), affords at once the best of entertainment and instruction to all readers. Price, 50 cents.

A holiday presentation that feeds at both eye and mind with delight is "Faust, the Legend and the Poem, with Etchings," by William S. Walsh. It is a clear and most excellent abstract of the greatest work of the greatest German poet, Goethe, illustrated with six splendid etchings, by Hermann Faber. In point of paper, printing, binding, etc., the book grandly harmonizes with its subject and treatment. Price, $3.00. Published and for sale by Lippincott & Co.

There is no dearth of Fairy-land literature, save of a certain kind—the best—and this more limited quantity Dr. S. Weir Mitchell is entitled to the unanimous thanks of the juvenile world for having added to. In his "Prince Little Boy, and Other Tales Out of Fairy-land," he has given the youthful world a fine lot of literary confections, both sweet and wholesome. A finishing merit the book has is a large number of good pictures, full page and smaller. Published by Lippincott & Co. Price, $1.50.

A more tasteful combination of art allied to poetry has not yet been seen among the holiday preparations than Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," illustrated with half a dozen fine etchings, by M. M. Taylor. It is needless to speak of this beautiful poem—the crown of Goldsmith's genius, perhaps—and it only remains to say that the etchings are each in themselves worth the book's price. They certainly stand far beyond the ordinary run of illustrations, even for the best class of presentation works. Lippincott & Co., are the publishers. Price, $3.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Our Little Ones and the Nursery for the smaller children, is a most excellent magazine. Published at No. 36 Bloomfield street, Boston, Mass.

The holiday number of *Wide Awake* is affluent in seasonable reading and in fine illustrations. Its list of contributors is strikingly fine, including, as it does, E. C. Steadman, Andrew Lang, Sidney Luska, H. Rider Haggard, Jessie Benton Fremont, M. E. W. Sherwood, Louise Imogen Guiney, Edith M. Thomas, Mrs. A. H. Leonowens, and many others of high literary repute. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

Captain Charles King contributes to the December number of *Lippincott's Magazine* another of his very popular military stories, "From the Ranks." Albion W. Tourgée, with "Professor Cadmus's Great Case," begins a series of stories of mystery, complication and detective ingenuity, under the general heading of "With Gauge & Swallow." Lucy C. Lillie's "Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt" is more than a mere biographical sketch. Janet Edmondson, formerly of the Boston Ideals, gives an amusing bit of autobiography, "My First Appearance." Miss F. C. Baylor contributes a sketch, "The Drum-Major," and Mary Parmele, "Earthworms and Society." The poems are contributed by Bessie Chandler, Ella Wheeler-Wilcox, Charlotte Fiske Bates, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, and Mary B. Dodge.

A Deep Mystery.

Wherever you are located you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, making thereby from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have made over $50 in a day. All is new. Hallett & Co., will start you. Capital not needed. Either sex. All ages. No class of working people have ever made money so fast heretofore. Comfortable fortunes await every worker. All this seems a deep mystery to you, reader, but send along your address and it will be cleared up and proved. Better not delay; now is the time.

SAVAGE LIFE IN AFRICA.

The revolting custom of human sacrifice is carried on to a horrible extent on the Upper Congo River, principally by the Bayanzi tribes. All slaves, both men and women, are liable to this barbarity.

These people are under the impression that a man dying in this world is simply transferred to another, there to carry on exactly the same existence, requiring the same food and attendance.

Upon the death of a chief his relatives or friends kill about half his slaves, men and women, to go with him, they say, to attend to his wants, and to serve for his protection; it being very infra dig. for a chief to make his entry into the next world without a certain following.

The women are strangled; a rope is put around the neck of the victim, a man climbs a tree and ties the rope to a branch, the women being helped up, so that when they let her go she is swung in mid-air in her dying struggles; these cause great merriment among the spectators, not thinking that at least a great many of them will share the same fate sooner or later.

The men are beheaded. The victim is seated on a log of wood; two stakes are then driven into the ground, one each side of him, and as high as his shoulder; bands are then put around his body, enclosing it in these stakes, then two stakes are driven by his knees, and two by his ankles, one at each side, and he securely bound to them with ropes.

A ring of cane is then put around his neck, with several leaders of string, which are drawn up and tied in a knot above his head; a pliable pole, about eighteen feet long, is then driven into the ground nine feet from the man's seat.

It is bent down just above the man's head; a small piece of rope is fastened to the top of the pole, and the other end of the rope is made fast to the knot above the man's head. This being now at very strong tension the whole body is now quite immovable, and the neck is stretched to its full extent.

The executioner then makes his appearance. He makes a chalk mark on the poor fellow's neck; then with one blow severs the head from the trunk.

The spectators at this seem to lose all control over themselves. They tear down the head from the pole, and there is a ghastly scrimmage for it, often resulting in a free fight.

The Ba-yanzi, however, with all these cruel customs, are superior to some of the other nations of the Congo. They make pottery, neat wooden furniture and other articles, often decorated with taste, build neat houses, especially at the town of Bolobo, and are skilled in working iron and other metals, fabricating knives and hatchets, which they sell to the Ba-teke and the Wa-bums.

They are fond of music; and the tones of the five-stringed lyre, and of the marimba, a sort of dulcimer, with thin slips of metal arranged as keys on a sounding board, are sweetly sonorous.

They cultivate maize, sweet potato sugar, tobacco, manioc, banana, the oil palm, and ground nuts for trade, and semi-tropical fruits, such as the orange and pine-apple, introduced from the Portuguese of the west coast.

They have no horses or oxen and few sheep, but keep goats, pigs and poultry; they catch fish in abundance, and preserve them by smoking.

The Ba-yanzi are not of the negro race, according to ethnologists, but belong purely to the "Bantu" family, which includes the people around Lake Tanganyika and Lake Nyassa in Eastern Africa and on the Zamboai.

Their skins are of a chocolate brown color; they are well-shaped and have abundance of hair, but usually pluck out the beard, moustache, whiskers, eyebrows and eyelashes.

They scar themselves on the forehead, breast, belly, and temples with incised marks denoting the tribe; dye the hair and nails with red pigment and stiffen their plaited tresses or pigtails with clay and grease; often stick parrot feathers and various other ornaments about their persons, and wear ear-rings, nose-rings, necklaces or bracelets, while one or two pieces of glass-cloth suffice for the dress of the "fashionable lady of Lukungu."

HAPPINESS AFTER MARRIAGE.—Without perfect confidence marriage happiness cannot be permanent. Want of confidence on the part of the husband, after the novelty of married life and having a home of his own has worn off, is frequently prevented from the foolish fear that by confiding truly in his wife she may exact it as a right; and his pride takes alarm lest, trusting to his other and often far better half, he may risk the loss of some of his boasted independence.

The wife is sometimes tempted to concealment, and sometimes to deceit and falsehood; through fear of her husband's anger or dread of his ridicule. The only perfect remedy for all this is perfect confidence, and, above all, avoiding all confidants of either sex.

"DOCTOR, what's the matter with Blobson?" "Why, he declares that he feels tired all the time." "Then he should take something to brace him up." Doctor whispers through his hollowed palm—"He does. That's just what makes him tired."

For rheumatism and neuralgia use Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain.

It doesn't take *gold*. A quarter of a dollar will buy a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

SOME STRANGE FINDS.

THE sea sometimes yields up part of its treasures in a curious and unexpected way, as was instanced lately by the discovery of a richly jewelled ring in the back of a herring. The finder was still luckier than a servant in Glasgow, who, in cutting up some whiting, found a silver coin in one of them.

Some old canvas that had long been stowed away, on being unexpectedly brought to light, was found to be the main-sail of Nelson's ship the *Victory*. The sail was riddled with shot fired during the battle of Trafalgar.

When some men were sawing a portion of an old ship's mainmast, formerly belonging to a man-of-war, a thirty-two pound iron shot was observed embedded in the mast, the aperture having been plugged up.

A lady lost her gold ring. Some three years afterwards the loser's cat caught a rat, from which pussy had eaten the head. The neck of the rat was exposed, and the owner of the cat saw something metallic glittering on the rat's neck.

On examination this proved to be the lost wedding-ring embedded in the flesh. The ring must have been carried by the old rat to its nest, and a very young rat must have thrust its head into the ring. As the animal grew larger each day, its novel collar would become a fixture.

As some workmen were felling timber, they discovered in the centre of one of the trees a cavity in which were the remains of a cat. The skeleton was entire, and some hair of a sandy color yet remained on the skin. It is conjectured that the animal, having entered a hollow part of the tree, was unable to extricate itself, and the wood in process of years had grown around its body.

Curious finds have not unfrequently been made in trees. Some woodcutters made a strange discovery. They began to fell a venerable oak, which they soon found to be quite hollow.

Being half decayed, it speedily came to the ground with a crash, disclosing a skeleton in excellent preservation; even the boots, which came above the knee, were perfect.

By its side were a powder-horn, a porcelain pipebowl, and a silver watch. The teeth were perfect. It would seem to be the skeleton of a man between thirty and forty years of age.

It is conjectured while engaged in hunting, he had climbed the tree for some purpose, and slipped into the hollow trunk, from which there was no release, and he probably died of starvation.

Another mystery was found in the heart of an oak. From a tree of this kind a large block, about eighteen inches in diameter, that had been knocking about in various yards and woodsheds, was split up lately, and in it was found an augerhole about three-fourths of an inch in size, containing a bunch of human hair done up in a piece of printed paper.

The hair was near the centre of the block, and fastened in with a pine plug. It was apparently put in when the tree was quite young, as the tree had grown over the plug to the thickness of about four inches, with the grain perfectly smooth and straight.

A natural curiosity was found in a timber workshop; this was the nest and skeleton of a bird embedded in a piece of beech. The timber seemed quite sound all around the cavity, and there was no sign of any aperture into it; but the timber being sawn up, the nest with the bird sitting upon it was found.

The nest appeared to be built with mud, and the bird resembled a titmouse. Probably, at the lopping of a branch, a cavity was formed, and the outside subsequently grown over. But how the bird was enclosed seems difficult to imagine.

In the centre of a log of Honduras mahogany the saw revealed a large piece of honeycomb. The finder says the wax with the cells was hard, and resembled in color and appearance a mummy. The remains of the bees were incrusted in the wax.

So often have toads been found enclosed in solid bodies that it is not surprising to read in a Scottish paper that a servant while breaking a large piece of coal for the fire, was startled to find in the centre of the block a full-grown toad, which appeared to be in excellent health and spirits.

A less common discovery was made in Birkenhead. A gentleman there was presented with a cow's tongue which appeared to be perfect in every respect.

After the tongue was boiled, he discovered a piece of sandstone embedded in it, about three-quarters of an inch in length, half an inch in width, and a quarter of an inch in thickness.

Some curious discoveries of valuable articles occur from time to time. For example, a singular literary discovery was made at a monastery in the island of St. Lazarus, at Venice.

A pet monkey had climbed to the top of a bookcase, and was amusing itself in imitating a venerable monk, who was trying to induce it to descend. The animal, in a sudden freak, seized a bundle of papers, and breaking the string, showered down on the father's head a number of letters the ink of which had become yellow with age.

They were said to be a series of letters which Lord Byron wrote to the monks of St. Lazarus, with whom he had once resided.

An extraordinary instance of the recovery of a lost ring may be added to the list of curious finds. A lady when digging holes for planting celery, unconsciously dropped the ring into one of the holes.

A plant was inserted, doubtless through the ring, and as the root grew, the ring must have become embedded in its substance.

The ring had been given up for lost until the following winter, when the mystery was cleared up by the ring making its appearance among the soup at dinner in a portion of the celery root.

TITLE TO LAND.—The Maories of Australia, are logical reasoners, good debaters, fond of contentions, and as well up in the genealogy of their families as a Scotch Highlander, and as stubborn when their rights are infringed upon. At a land-court a middle-aged Maori had just finished making a speech, claiming that his name should be inserted in the grant to the exclusion of that of an old grizzled Maori who had sat quietly by without moving a muscle of his countenance and heard the younger man ask in the course of his harangue, with much gesticulating, "Were are my ancestors buried but on this land where I was born and brought up?" When he had ended, the old man-eater rose throwing off everything but a waist-cloth, and, bounding across the room, addressed the court in this wise—"I have listened with disgust and contempt to the words of this nobody. What claim can he have to the land? I conquered long ago the people that lived on it, when he was a child; and the mistake I then made was in permitting him to live! And he asks, 'Where are his ancestors buried?' I tell him, and show him. Here—here!"—patting his stomach with his left hand. "His ancestors are buried here! I ate them—and that is my title to the land."

WHAT AILED SAMBO.—The attention of the passengers in a Texas smoking-car was riveted on a strangely acting negro. He rocked himself from side to side without ceasing. "What's the matter with you?" asked a traveller who was in the car. "Does you know Dan M'Gary?" "Yes." "Well, sah, he sold me a silver watch for twenty dollars," continued the negro, still swaying from side to side; "and ef I stops movin' dis heah way, de watch don't go no moah."

"John," said his wife, "on our way home from church to-night, Mr. Smith's dog came very near biting mother. As it was he frightened her seriously. I think you ought to do something about it." "I will," responded John, promptly; "I'll see Smith in the morning, and if he doesn't want too much for the dog I'll buy him."

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The Fisher Girl's Prayer; The Plantation Polka; The Bridge; The Banks of Allan Water; Twickenham Ferry; Then You'll Remember Me; White Cockade; Were I a Bird of Air; We Never Speak As We Pass By; Who's That Peeping Thro' The Window; When Red Leaves Fall; Wind that Shakes the Barley; Wide Awake Reel. Remember that all Ballads and Songs contain both Music and Words, and that all dances give the Calls and Figures. To purchase this grand collection, a sheet, or a few sheets at a time, at music stores, would cost you from 25 to 40c for each piece, or upwards of Thirty Dollars for all. We offer the entire collection of 127 Pieces, free, to those who take Daughters of America, for a trial year, all will agree that the paper is worth seven or eight times the amount of money, as soon as they have read one number. This is the Greatest Offer ever made and will be so regarded by all who take advantage of it. 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Humorous.

THE CAPTIVE BEE.

As Julia once a slumbering lay,
It chanced a bee did fly that way,
After a dew, or dew-like shower,
To tipple freely in a flower;
For some rich flower he took the lip
Of Julia, and began to sip.
But when he felt he suck'd from thence
Honey, and in the quintessence,
He drank so much he scarce could stir;
So Julia took the pilferer.
And thus surprised, as fishers use,
He thus began himself t' excuse:
Sweet lady-flower! I never brought
Hither the least one thieving thought;
But taking those rare lips of yours
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers,
I thought I might there take a taste,
Where so much syrup ran at waste:
Besides, know this, I never sting
The flower that gives me nourishing;
But with a kiss, or thanks, do pay
For honey that I bear away.
This said, he lay his little scrip
Of honey 'fore her ladyship;
And told her, as some tears did fall,
That, that he took, and that was all.
At which she smiled, and bade him go
And take his bag: but thus much know:
When next he came a pilfering so,
He should from her full lips derive
Honey enough to fill his hive.

—HERRICK.

Home maid—The domestic girl.

Shrew'd men—Henpecked husbands.

A dancing master, having invented a new style of waltz, announces a new movement on foot.

"Took long steps, my chelld," said Solomon Isaacs. "You von't vear out your shoes nearly so kvick."

What cup is that which, although it neither cheers nor inebriates, sometimes arouses suspicion?—The bic-cup.

A case is reported of an eccentric and humane gentleman of Boston chloroforming raw oysters before eating them on the half-shell.

There is a dentist in a Michigan town the sign over whose door reads, "Teeth Extracted Without Enny Pain. Laffin Gas (10) Cents a Ha Ha!"

"Yes," said a man who is always in difficulties, "as a success I have always been a failure, but as a failure I have been an unqualified success."

Waiter, to countryman: "There's black bass, sir, and striped bass and white fish and blue fish." Countryman: "I don't keer nuthin' about the color, friend, if the fish is fresh."

A detachment of the Salvation Army stopped in front of a saloon in East Portland and began singing, "It is water we want, not beer." The saloon-keeper turned the hose upon them.

"Why, Bobby," said his mother, very much shocked, "where in the world did you hear that expression?" "I heard pa say it when he was putting up the stove this morning," explained Bobby.

"Pa," said little Johnnie, "teacher is thinking about promoting me." "How do you know?" "From what she said to-day." "And what was that?" "She said if I kept on I'd belong to the criminal class."

Said William to Martha: "But you must remember, my dear, that my taste is better than yours." Said Martha to William: "Undoubtedly, when we come to remember that you married me and I married you."

A lawyer, in describing a witness who had been called on the other side, said: "Gentlemen, I think I can see a witness now—his mouth stretching across the wide desolation of his face, a fountain of falsehood and a sepulchre of rum."

Sick man, gloomily: "If I should die, dear, what in the world would become of you and the children?" Wife: "Now you mustn't worry, John; the doctor says it's bad for you. I'll find some one to take care of us." The sick man began to get well.

Ethel: "Was there a donkey on our steps when you came in, Mr. Featherly?" Mr. Featherly: "Why, no, Ethel! What would a donkey be doing there?" Ethel: "I don't know; but Clara said, just before you rang the bell, 'There's that donkey coming in here again.'"

Tommy: "Mamma, is baby well bred?" Mamma: "Dear me, yes, child! What an extraordinary question!" Tommy: "As well bred as my terrier Gyp?" Mamma: "Certainly!" Tommy: "Then hold her up by the ears, ma, and let's see if she'll howl. Gyp don't."

Minister, dining with the family: "You never go fishing on Sunday, do you, Bobby?" Bobby: "Oh, no, sir." Minister: "That's right, Bobby. Now, can you tell me why you don't go fishing on Sunday?" Bobby: "Yes, sir. Pa says he doesn't want to be bothered with me."

There was a heated discussion in a hotel the other night. "I tell you, sir," said one of the disputants, "there is no law made but what the people can change." "Yes, there is," said a newcomer; "there is one law that no man or people can ever change." "What is that?" "A mother-in-law."

Naomi: "George, are you sure that you never before loved a woman as you love me?" George: "Sure? As well ask me if I love the idolatrous creeds of the heathen as well as the pure religion of my fathers!" Naomi: "How charmingly you say that." George, absently: "I've said it often enough in my life to do it charmingly."

One of the managers of a home for destitute colored children went to the institution the other day to see how things were going on, and found a youngster, as black as the inside of a coal mine, tied to a bed-post, with his hands behind him. "What's that boy tied up for?" she asked the attendant. "For lying, ma'am; he is the worst lying nigger I ever saw." "What's his name?" "George Washington, ma'am," was the paralyzing reply.

"Why don't you speak to him, Johnny? He wishes to make friends with you." "He ain't a boy; he's a girl," said Johnny, as he moved further from the little midget who was sidling up to him, and who in dress was the very counterpart of himself. "Girls look just the same as a boy, but she ain't. Boys don't push up to a feller as girls do. Girls aint got no sense, pushing up and talking to a feller they don't know."

Fears accomplish much in love. The husband of the Middle Ages was loved by his wife for his very severity. The bride of William the Conqueror, having been beaten by him, recognized him by this token for her lord and husband.

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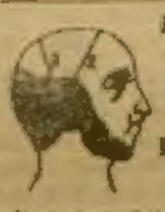

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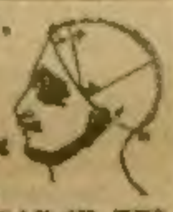

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Green is likely to be a most fashionable color for the season's wear. Costumes and mantles are made in this color, and the newest chapeaux are in green velvet, sometimes in one shade only, at other times shot and trimmed with a lighter shade, and also with black. Many stylish bonnets are in the directoire form, but extremely small capotes with narrow brims resting on the hair, are also much worn.

A very ladylike directoire chapeaux is made of dark green velvet, the open brim lined and piped around the edge with velvet in lighter shade of the same color. The flat curtain is turned up against the crown, and lined with the lighter velvet. The trimming consists of bows of light green moire ribbon, with green feather tips and curled black quill feathers mingled together in front of the crown; the strings are also of green moire ribbon.

A charming model of a very small capote has the crown covered with a bouillonne of green velvet, and the edge of the brim bordered with a series of loops of narrow green ribbon velvet. Falling over these is a flat flounce of jet embroidered lace edged with gold beads. A large plume of curled black cocks' feathers spangled with gold is fastened in on the left side with a green velvet bow, and falls over to the front, a long jet clasp being thrust in amongst the feathers. The strings are of green velvet.

Hats are still made with high crowns, straight and flat at the top as a rule, and with narrow brims turned up on one side or towards the back, but not very sharply, or else the brim is moderately wide and straight in front, and gradually diminishes to a mere rim at the back.

A good model in this last shape is in chaudron velvet with two rows of beads to match bordering the brim. A band of shot beige and pink moire ribbon encircles the crown, and ends under a group of flat bows on the left side of the front; a plume of chaudron feather tips and two pointed beige wings rise above the bow, the feather tips falling over the crown front and back.

In another model the brim is of antique red velvet, turned up far back on the left side, and the crown is covered by fine bead embroidery in many colors on an antique red ground. Pale blue is the predominating shade, and this is repeated in a group of faille bows falling over the crown of the hat from the top, and in a group of shaded pale blue and beige feather tips.

Beige felt hats, with the turned-up brim bound with silk braid, are extremely popular and useful, as they admit of being trimmed with nearly all colors; they are pretty and ladylike with a large shot velvet bow at the side and a plume of shaded feather tips in front; but the shot velvets and shot moire ribbons used for bonnets are also admissible with beige felt hats.

Very short mantles for demi-saison wear are made of plain-colored cloth of light texture. The most stylish models are in green, many shades of the color being in vogue; green is a shade that looks especially well in cloth, and, moreover, it forms an admirable background for the colored beaded passementerie ornaments with which the mantles are trimmed.

An excellent model is a mantelet with a simulated hood in moss-green cloth. The fronts have the usual square mantelet ends, the back resembles that of a jacket, with a postillion basque and visite sleeve joining it. The hood is in the shape of a pelerine, rounded and fitting closely over the shoulders, but with the edge turned back like the revers of a hood, and trimmed with a flat row of braid. This simulated hood has a lining of pleated green silk, which gives it the appearance of a real hood. The vetement is trimmed with braid or passementerie, about two inches wide, embroidered with blue, green, and opal beads. The collar, fronts, sleeves and revers of the hood, which are joined at the neck in front, are all trimmed with this braid.

Small rounded mantelets are also made with flat pleats front and back, and full sleeves gathered and raised at the shoulders, where they are ornamented with interlaced cords, or with a passementerie motif; similar motifs are placed on the collar and on the centre pleats, these being folded like box-pleats.

A still more fanciful model is made of a series of rounded tabs of Van Dyck brown cloth lined with silk to match, and overlapping each other. All these tabs form a kind of rounded pelerine, mounted on a pointed yoke that terminates in two rounded tabs; the collar is of dark brown velvet, fastened with large pearl buttons studded with beads, and two similar buttons close the mantelet at the waist.

A pretty style of visite made of the same material as the costume, has a plain back with postillion basque and close-fitting fronts like a waistcoat. The sleeve is a square of the material rounded off at one corner, where it is gathered into the shoulder; the opposite corner forms the pointed end of the sleeve, one side of the square is joined to the back of the mantle, the other side is carelessly gathered up in the hand, and joined to the front of the collar by a bow or passementerie ornament.

The demi-saison mantles depend chiefly for novelty of effect on braid and passementerie trimmings, or on burnous folds, pleats, and the shape of the sleeve. Bows of ribbon are the favorite trimming for light materials; heavier fabrics are ornamented with beaded braids and passementerie motifs.

Ribbon velvet is once more largely used as a dress trimming, especially arranged as dark bands on a material in a lighter shade. In many cases the skirt is striped in this manner to the waist, and the tunic, of the same fabric as the skirt, but plain, is draped in two short paniers, very slightly puffed, and merging in the straight back drapery. This style is also adopted for polonaises.

An excellent model of a green cloth costume has the skirt mounted in wide flat pleats that are now fashionable; the tunic is of the simplest description, and is caught up twice on the left side, forming a small panier between the tablier and back drapery.

The corsage is cut like a short open jacket in front, showing the rounded point of a white waistcoat embroidered with gold, the collar and small parements are white and gold to match. The left front of the jacket is plain, the right front forms a drapery, which is fastened up on the left shoulder close to the neck.

Another illustrates a new way of combining plain and figured fabrics. In this costume the plain fabric is a biege woolen of exquisitely soft texture, and the second material is striped with blue and pale chaudron lines. The skirt is of the striped fabric, the stripes being horizontal, and the front only mounted in wide flat pleats. Over this is the long tunic, like redingote panels, open in the centre from the point of the corsage; the stripes are vertical in front, but the draping gives them a bias direction at the side; the long back drapery, pleated at the sides and puffed in the centre, is of the plain material. The back of the corsage, with pointed tabs resting on a pleated basque, is of the plain material, but the front is striped and ornamented with a very narrow plastron ending at the chest, the long-pointed revers of blue velvet meeting at the edge of the corsage, which is rounded in front. Between the plastron and revers are bias folds of the striped material, narrowing to points below the plastron. The striped sleeves are finished off with parements of the striped material and velvet; the collar is of velvet. The sailor hat worn with the dress is of beige felt trimmed with bows of blue velvet and chaudron faille ribbon.

White is the color almost universally preferred for dinner toilettes in country houses, and, as a great many different materials are employed, and the dresses are charmingly trimmed with ribbon, the effect is very pretty, although perhaps a trifle monotonous.

Even married ladies of an uncertain age wear white, and when this is no longer possible they adopt faille and other fabrics in light colors, and wear white collarettes ornamented with white ribbon.

Odds and Ends.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

The nutriments of vegetable food are, in general, much less costly than the animal foods. The animal foods have, however, the advantages of containing larger proportions of protein and of fats, and the protein at least in more digestible forms. Flour, meal and other staple vegetable foods furnish the nutriments at only a fraction of their cost in ordinary animal foods. At market prices, current in the Eastern States, the cost of the protein ranges at from eight to thirty-four cents a pound in the staple vegetable foods, and from eighteen cents to somewhat over one dollar a pound in the staple animal foods. In oysters it ranges at from two to three dollars a pound, in salmon sometimes to five dollars a pound, in beef at from ten to twenty-five cents a pound. In many of the usual food-fishes the nutritive material is dearer than in beef.

The less expensive kinds of meat contain as much nutriment as the costlier kind, and the different grades of flour have a much more nearly equal nutriment value than is commonly supposed. Among the vegetable foods, wheat-flour, corn-meal, and other cereal products are in general the cheapest and most economical. Wheat-flour at six dollars a barrel and potatoes at forty cents a bushel would furnish nutritive material at about the same cost.

The prices of the choicer food-materials are regulated by flavor as well as by the amount of nutritive material, which in some is hardly a fraction of the price. With exceptions that are easily explained, the prices of food that are bought and used for their nutriment tend to shape themselves proportionately according to the actual values.

Taking the world through, the mass of people select those foods which furnish the actual nutrients at the lowest cost; but there are marked exceptions in the United States, where many, even among those who desire to economize, use needlessly expensive kinds of food.

A large proportion of our daily food consists of material derived from the animal world. Other animals take vegetable and build it up, so that it approximates in physical and chemical properties the flesh of man.

Of the foods thus derived from the animal kingdom, meat is one of the most important. Meat consists of different food stuffs, as water, mineral salts, albumen, and fat. On an average, 100 parts of beef consists of 72 parts muscle, 8 parts of fat and 20 parts of bone (including cartilage and tendon).

The age of the animal and the manner in which it has been fitted for market, have a marked effect upon the composition of the flesh. Veal contains 3 per cent. more of water, and a corresponding amount of solid substance, than lean beef.

Fat beef may contain as much as 10 per cent. less of water than lean beef. The same is true of the difference between mutton and lamb. Of all the kinds of flesh eaten, fat bacon contains the least amount of water. The average per cent. of water in bacon is 60, while that in lean beef is 75.

The flesh of wild fowl, chickens and pigeons furnishes on an average 77 per cent. of water. Fish is especially rich in water, the carp yielding 80 per cent. The fat in lean beef, veal, and mutton may be as low as from 1 to 1½ per cent., while that of fat beef is 14, of fat mutton 9, veal 6, and bacon 24.

Along with these variations in the amounts of water and fat, there are corresponding changes in the quantity of nitrogenous material. As a rule, fish is poorest in nitrogenous substance, the per cent in carp and salmon being 18, in pickerel, 15; fat veal, mutton and bacon, 15; fat beef, 16; lean beef, 22.

The flesh of young animals is more tender than that of the adult, but experiment as well as experience has shown that the former is less easily digested. For instance, veal and lamb are less easily digested, and tax the stomach of the dyspeptic more than beef and mutton. It has been shown that this is largely due to the fact that the flesh of young animals cannot be perfectly masticated. The tissues of the young animal are less stimulating, less nutritious, and more gelatinous than the tissues of the adult animal.

On the other hand, it is well known that an animal may be so old and poorly nourished that its flesh well nigh defies both mastication and digestion. The common breeds of cattle are best fitted for the market at the age of seven years; the better breeds earlier.

It makes a difference whether the special meat be served in or out of season. Beef is in highest season in the early months of winter, after the animal has been furnished abundant pasturage, though not absolutely out of season at any time of the year. Fresh pork is wholly out of season during the hot months of summer.

Good beef has but little or no odor; or if any odor is perceptible it is not disagreeable. In judging as to the odor of meat, pass a clean knife, which has been dipped in hot water, and examine subsequently as to the odor of the knife. Tainted meat often gives off a plainly perceptible and disagreeable odor while it is being cooked.

Good meat is elastic to the touch. Meat that is wet and flabby should always be discarded.

AT Portland, Me., a night or two ago, six boys, ranging from 13 to 16 years of age, were arrested just as they were leaving a store which they had broken into and robbed. It is supposed they are members of a regular gang of boy burglars, who have committed numerous robberies lately.

Confidential Correspondents.

W. B.—A lapsed legacy cannot be claimed by anyone.

G. W.—A judge sometimes refuses to receive a verdict, and sends the jury back to reconsider it.

DEBATE.—A Roman Catholic, if a native born citizen, is eligible to the Presidency of the United States.

CAB.—It is unlawful for a person to drive a vehicle through a funeral procession of pedestrians on its way to a cemetery.

E. L. M.—An unusual and excessive noise occuring regularly during the night and preventing sleep is a nuisance, which can be stopped.

PUZZLED.—Perhaps Swift had a malicious wish to vex his readers' souls in setting them to pronounce Houyhnhnms. You may call it Whin-nms, laying the accent on the first syllable.

Y. K.—Yes, it would be very improper. If the gentleman cares for you, he will let you know that fact, in due time. Meanwhile, you can be as agreeable to him as you please, without being at all forward in letting your preference for him be known.

PRESTO.—The total public debt of the United States on the 1st day of December, 1880, was $2,067,912,132,22. The statement published, November 1, 1887, gave the total debt as $1,049,532,983,02. You can figure out the decrease for yourself.

READER.—Pains over the heart are frequently associated with indigestion. They are by no means necessarily indicative of heart disease; indeed, some of the worst forms of heart disease are unaccompanied by pain. But, in order to be sure, you should have your chest examined.

DODY.—We are sorry to hear that you have got into a scrape with your lover; but it would be most unwise to try to get out of it in the way you indicate. The only plan is to wait and watch. To write a letter would be unwomanly and inadvisable. A man would think he might do as he liked with a girl who showed so little tact and maidenly reticence. Be very careful of your own dignity. It is your only shield against aggressive man, who is ever too prone to take full advantage of any opportunity a woman may leave open to him.

E. M.—The first thing for you is to tell your mother just how you feel. Take her fully into your confidence. She may at first be disappointed, but after a while she will be pretty sure to sympathize with you, and, then she will be able to help you. If your elderly lover, on being told the plain truth, should insist on your marrying him, it would be a strong indication that, as Fanny Fern used to say, "he had never had a true call to be a husband." No girl should be compelled to marry a man under the circumstances you describe.

L. CLYDE.—Embroider him a smoking cap or jacket, a pair of slippers or some handkerchiefs with his monogram. If you can paint sufficiently well, a picture of a bunch of flowers or some such subject would answer. 2. If you are intimate enough, call him by his Christian name. But as it would appear he is a recent acquaintance, and has asked that you so address him, we think it would sound better not to do it. If he stands on the plane of an accepted suitor, the case would be different. Otherwise keep him his distance.

JOHN F.—This correspondent says he loves two young ladies; the only reason he can assign is that one is so like the other that he can scarcely tell the difference. Our impression is that he is not in love with either. Real love is not based on doubt, nor does it hesitate to make a choice. John F. is charmed, but not smitten. Mere fascination is not a sentiment. He must select one, and that speedily, or he will lose both chances. The only hint we will give him is this: The most accomplished girl does not always make the most accomplished wife.

STRAW-SPLITTER.—1. We do not care a rush for pedantic rules. If a sentence can be neatly ended with a preposition, then the preposition is used. People who strain after useless precision only succeed in being pompous. 2. Officers who are giving orders to their men say "Fire low;"—and you hear that phrase constantly during an engagement. If a man used an adverb, he would be esteemed a fool. Do you call Tennyson ungrammatical when he says—

"Low, low breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea?"

To say "sim highly" would be nonsense.

TURN-IT-UP.—The lines:

"He that fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he that is in battle slain
Can never rise to fight again"—

occur in a poem by Sir John Mennis, entitled, "Delicie Musarum," published in 1656. The quotation is sometimes supposed to be from Butler's "Hudibras," published in 1678; but this is an error, which has probably arisen from the fact that in that poem occurs the same idea, very similarly expressed:

"Those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain."

But the idea is a very ancient one; at least as old as the days of Demosthenes. Being reproached for running away from the battle of Chæronea, the great orator replied, "A man who runs away may fight again."

STUDENT.—The Ten Commandments are twice given in full in the Old Testament. They are first given in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, and are repeated in the fifth chapter of Deuteronomy, with some variations. If you and your friends will examine them for yourselves, you will be able to see which of you is right as to your views regarding them. In the twelfth chaper of Mark, at verses 29, 30 and 31, the Saviour says, "The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment. And the second is like, namely this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself; there is none other commandment greater than these." These quotations of the first and second commandments by the Saviour are not made from either Exodus xx. or Deuteronomy v. The first is slightly varied from the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy, beginning at the fourth verse, and the second is from the eighteenth verse of the nineteenth chapter of Leviticus.